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The Eistedafod.

N their efforts to conserve the noble traditions of their past, the Eisteddfod officials appear to cling with a childish tenacity to the established forms of procedure, and overlook the improvements in organization demanded by the modern press of competitions and the increased numbers attending their meetings. Before us is a letter from a member of Parliament, who on more than one occasion has presided at the Eisteddfod meetings: he says, "I fear any reforms I should suggest would lead to nothing practical, for though politically liberal, the Welsh as regards Eisteddfods are mysteriously conservative and continue in a groove, which in many respects is rather a narrow one."

Thoughtful Welshmen, however, are not altogether satisfied with the manner in which the meetings of National Eisteddfodau are conducted, and the paper read by Dr. Roland Rogers at the meeting of the Cymmrodorion Section of the Eisteddfod met with general acceptance. His pertinent remarks on the want of order in carrying out the programmes of the various meetings and arranging the choral competitions must have been keenly appreciated by competitors. From the mental and physical strain to which the members of the competing choirs are subjected year after year, it would appear as if the Eisteddfod officials desired to test the mental and physical stamina of the singers as well as their choral proficiency.

Dr. Rogers' suggestions that the time of the different competitions should be printed on the programmes, and that the announcements made be rigidly adhered to, without any disturbing influence being allowed to intervene, are especially valuable. We think it would further ensure the smooth working of Eisteddfodic gatherings and the comfort of both competitors and audience, were the carrying out of the programmes of the several meetings each year entrusted to one man of calm and vigorous judgment, assisted by a staff sufficient to fulfil his behests. This need not prevent a rotation of "presidents of the day," who should, however, be ruled by the conductor, as the members of our Legislature are controlled by the Speaker.

The proposal to hold the next Eisteddfod in London will be interesting to many, and those engaged in carrying out the arrangements have our good wishes. If Welshmen, however, desire to win the approbation of their "Saxon" neighbours, and commend to them their "noble form of public recreation," it is necessary the proceedings be so organized that there be no want of order and waste of time ("fooling about," as Mr. Ebenezer Prout tersely put it) at the meetings. The difficulty of conducting the National Eisteddfod is no doubt increased by its being held each year in different towns, a necessity, perhaps, when intercourse was more limited than in modern times; and secondly, by the staff of officials varying every year. It is an open question if the development of local Eisteddfodau and the establishment of a permanent National Eisteddfo1 in one of the most beautiful and easily accessible towns in Wales,

with a staff of officials elected every five years by the local Eisteddfodau, would not increase the power and usefulness of the Eisteddfod.

The Eisteddfod tends in a high degree to the advancement of social culture; the impetus given to the study of music, literature and art, exercises a refining and ennobling influence upon the working classes of the Principality, outwardly manifested by their sobriety, industry, and strength of religious sentiment. The good results therefore flowing from these gatherings should not be marred through a neglect of first principles. Let the Eisteddfod officials see to it, that they develop the power of organization entrusted to them, in a manner worthy of the object, for the advancement of which they exist. We notice with pleasure the improvement of the meetings at Carnarvon, over those held last year at Aberdare. Possessing, as the Welsh do, voices unequalled for beauty and power, the Eisteddfod should take first rank as a musical festival. The paucity of orchestral players in Wales, to which we directed attention in our columns last year, however, retards this development. We heartily wish Mr. John Roberts every success in his efforts to supply this deficiency by the establishment of a good orchestral band, and look forward to increased results accruing therefrom in the future.

Staccato.

THE choral singing to be heard at Leeds, says Dr. Hueffer, is the finest in the world. The smoke of the Yorkshire factories would seem to have as beneficial an effect on the human voice as the ammonia-charged air of Italy.

THE following is from a score recently published in San Francisco:—"N.B. In consequence of a mistake of our setter, two pages of this score are printed upside down. We would suggest that any one who objects to turning the music upside down, might play it standing on his head."

MESSRS. TOOLE AND IRVING once met a group of labourers on the outskirts of Stratford-on-Avon, and on asking the "gaffer" what he knew of Shakespeare, were told, after some deliberation, that he "writ for t' Bible." The bucolic mind of Bayreuth is not much more enlightened. Should a storm damage his crops, the peasant of Bayreuth attributes it to the wrath of Heaven at the impiety of the Festival performances.

AND now the Church has joined with the peasantry. A local priest has just denounced from the pulpit the celebration of the communion by the knights of the Graal in "Parsifal." Some of us may remember when Cardinal Cullen fulminated against the Italian Opera in Dublin, for the reason, surely innocent enough, that a chorus of nuns was introduced in "Il Trovatore." And some fifteen years ago, an otherwise obscure Scotch minister from Dalkeith gained some notoriety by his assaults on the "servants of Satan," as he styled the members of the Edinburgh Choral Union. The Church is not always willing to call in the services of art, and, after all, we can be the seconder that "Parsifal,"

which represents on the stage the most sacred mysteries of the Christian faith, should cause offence to some minds. It would certainly not be in harmony with our English taste.

A VOLUME has just appeared at Leipzig containing some hitherto unpublished compositions of Beethoven. It contains one or two cantatas, written for special occasions; a chorus in honour of the allied Sovereigns assembled in Vienna, at the Congress of 1814; and a number of songs, with some curiosities such as canons, trombone solos, a song with accompaniment for the harmonica, and a sonata for mandoline and piano.

WHERE has the music been all this time? one would have thought it as difficult to discover an unpublished composition of Beethoven as to find the lost books of Tacitus. We are determined to be complete at any rate nowadays, and if this tendency to gather up the fragments in literature and music is sometimes a weariness to the flesh, we cannot at least have too much of Beethoven.

LONDON might take a lesson from barbaric Moscow. They have a permanent opera in Moscow, which is just recommencing, while we have to content ourselves in London with pianoforte scores. To be sure, the Government supports the enterprise in Moscow, and Glinka's apotheosis of patriotism, "A Life for the Czar," must be a stock-piece on the boards. But if Lord Salisbury were to commission Sir Arthur Sullivan to write an opera on "A Life for the Prince of Wales," and put down Her Majesty's Theatre in the Civil Service Estimates, we would willingly show that musical enthusiasts can be as patriotic and loyal as other honest citizens.

JULLIEN'S Quadrille on the Massacre of Cawnpore has at last been equalled. An opera-ballet in
four acts is shortly to be produced at the Bellini
Theatre in Naples, entitled "Charlotte Corday."
A nice subject for a ballet! Is the chief interest to
centre, asks our contemporary, Le Ménestrel, on
Marat dancing in his bath, or on Charlotte Corday
executing a pas seul on the scaffold?

IT is not believed that the sale of the compositions of Albert the Good has brought a large revenue either to her gracious Majesty or to Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. This collection costs a guinea, and now we are asked to pay from thirty to forty shillings for Frederick the Great's twenty-five sonatas and four concertos for the flute, which are to be published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig, by the gracious permission of his Imperial Majesty. Is criticism to be allowed, or will the reviewer run the risk of being brought within the scope of Prince Bismarck's law for the muzzling of the Social Democrats.

THE management of the ill-starred Empire Theatre recently favoured us with an hour of Adam's "Le Postillon de Longjumeau." This process of wholesale cutting is apt to be resented. A country visitor to Paris once sued the director of the Paris Opera House for the return of his money, on the ground, that although he had paid for the whole seat to hear "La Traviata," the management had only put forward one half of the work.

The Rational Eistedafod of Wales.

The officiating

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HE Royal National Eisteddfod of 1886 has during this last week been held in the ancient city of Carnarvon.

By the uninitiated the term "Eisteddfod" may require some explanation, though to the Welshman it is a household word. Literally it means a "sitting," and in its origin carries us back far away to the days when, upon the periodical sitting in solemn conclave of the Bards, Druids, and other dignitaries of this institution, depended the promulgation of the laws for the regulation of the entire community.

In these modern times, when the settlement of law is the work of other hands, the Eisteddfod statistic itself to protect the laws to law itself.

law is the work of other hands, the Eisteddfod restricts itself to matters relating to literature, poetry, music, and industrial occupations. To promote these and encourage their pursuit, as well as to afford a noble and elevating form of recreation to the people of Wales, the Eisteddfod is annually celebrated. Contests take place in all forms of literary composition, such as poems, odes, essays, translations, in musical comipostion, and performances vocal and instrumental, and on each of the four evenings of the Eisteddfod meetings concerts.

ances vocal and instrumental, and on each of the four evenings of the Eisteddfod meetings concerts are given of high-class music.

Such is the Eisteddfod—and if the Saxon, with superior wisdom, thinks fit to scoff and sneer at it as an old-fashioned farce, let him show his Celtic neighbours, if he can, a purer and better form of public recreation.

public recreation.

The Eisteddfod was formally opened on Tuesday morning, September 14, by a meeting of the bards forming

The Gorsedd.

This ancient relic of Druidic days took place within the precincts of the stately and picturesque

which, being translated, runs thus:

"Grant, O God, Thy protection; Grant, O God, Thy protection;
And in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, knowledge of justice;
And in the knowledge of justice, the love of it;
And in that love, the love of all existence;
And in the love of all existence, the love of God;
God and all goodness." God and all goodness.

The Eisteddfod was then declared open, "In the face of the sun, and the eye of light;" and truly the words were spoken, for the sun showed by his radiant face throughout the week that he smiled radiant face throughout the week that he smiled upon the work that was going forward. Each morning at nine the Gorsedd meetings were held, and titles of bards, musicians, ovates, &c., were duly conferred upon those candidates who had succeeded in passing the requisite examinations in poetry and rules of metrical composition, or in counterpoint, harmony, and musical form. Some honorary degrees were conferred also: thus, Mr. Ebenezer Prout was installed as an ovate under the title of Eben Alaw, while the Lord Mayor of London received a similar honour under the title of Gwyddon, and Mr. Edmund Swetenham, M.P., received the name of Eryr Alyn (Eagle of Alyn). At one of these Gorsedd meetings, an important announcement was made. It was to the effect that the next great celebration of the National Eisteddthe next great celebration of the National Eistedd-fod will be held in London in 1887. A full and complete list of subjects for competition was circulated and the formal proclamation was made.

The experiment of earrying this ancient Celtic institution out of the romantic hills and vales of the principality into the Saxon metropolis is a hazardous one. How the prosaic and utilitarian

Englishman will view this peaceful invasion of his citadel by his enthusiastic and excitable Celtic neighbours remains to be seen. It is to be hoped that his British generosity will enable him to treat with kindly consideration what may appear to him the mad freaks which he cannot understand, because he may feel assured that the whole institution emanates from a true love of the noblest arts of poetry and music, the beauty of which can be recognized alike by Saxon and Celt.

The Gorsedd proceedings over, a procession, headed by a band and composed of all the officials of the Bardic and Druidic circle, marched to receive

The President of the Day,

and escorted him to the spacious pavilion in which

the meetings were held.

The President on Tuesday was Mr. Bowen
Rowlands, Q.C., M.P. When the band had played
a selection of music, the presidential address was

The President, who was received with warm cheers, saidhe could fain hope and believe that, in promoting the success of such meetings as those, they were not only advancing the intellectual culture of Wales, but also contributing to the general improvement of literary and artistic taste throughout the world. They found themselves that day in a scene peculiarly appropriate to such an assembly. Carnarvon was not only a central figure in Celtic history, not alone was it a spot where material monuments of a historic past remain and around which the traditions of bygone ages clustered, but it had gained for its: If renown in later Eisteddfodio annals. The splendid pavilion in which they meet that day was itself an eloquent witness of the spirit which animated the town and directed its public efforts.

of the spirit which aumnated and defend the Eisteddfod as an institution. It had outlived much abuse, and survived that great wealth of sarcasm which those who did not understand it thought, proper to bestow upon it. As the late Gwilym Hiraethog, with much of his wit, had said, "Even the Times, which, like Balaam, ranged the hills in order to curse, has been forced to stay and bles." There was, however, a danger in their very success if it tempted them to imagine that they had reached anything like perfection, and that they might now "rest and be thankful." They should determine upon still further improvements. The committees of the Eisteddfod, it seemed to him, should make themselves centres for that they might now "rest and be thankful." They should determine upon still further improvements. The committees of the Eisteddfod, it seemed to him, should make themselves centres for the collection of trustworthy information with regard to the history of Wales, and prizes might with greater readiness be given for the collection of folk-lore and other interesting things connected with the past of the Principality. Nor would it be amissif more attention were given to the elementary branches of science and art. The tendency of the authorities seemed to be to pass over the preliminary, steps and devote themselves more to the higher stages. In regard to music, for instance, in which the sons and daughters of Wales were supposed to have a claim to excellence inferior to that of few people, more attention should be given to theory, and prizes might be offered for elementary text-books.

Celtie genius was not a decaying force, but one which would

Ceitie genius was not a decaying force, but one which would play a great part in the history of intellectual development. If these Eisteddfodau tended in any degree to prevent the lines-ments of Celtie genius being lost; to conserve and to improve all



CONDUCTOR OF MANTLLE BAND.

those distinctive excellences which belonged to that genius; to exhibit it to the world for admiration where possible, and for criticism always—then were they, he thought, good in themselves and in the end they sought to attain. Dangers were said to exist in the direction of too much mutual admiration, and in being, therefore, content with too low a level of excellence. With regard to Webb compositions, their critics were perhaps not the best judges. The

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Weish poets were not unworthy of repute because unknown to them. As the poet himself had said:—

"So it happens with the poets, Every province has its own; Camaralzaman is famous Where Badonia is unknown."

But if their modern songsters, writers, and artists were not all that they might be, they looked to these Etsteddfodau as one of the means of leading them to "noble heights where they shall make the groves harmonious."

The President's address was followed by a spirited rendering, by Mr. Lucas Williams, of an Eisteddfod song, "Chwifiwn Faner," written by a talented young Welshman, William Davies, who is a tenor singer in the Bangor Cathedral choir, and who accompanied Mr. Williams on the piano.

An interesting musical competition soon followed. A prize of £3 was offered for singing the contralto solo, "Father of Heaven" ("Judas Maccabeus"). For this a large number competed, but three were selected to compete in public. Each of the three sang admirably; the prize was awarded to Miss Parry, daughter of Mr. William Parry, Birkenhead, a well-known Welsh musical conductor.

Pennillion singing by Llew Lwyfo and Idris Vychan formed a quaint feature of the proceedings. This ancient mode of performance consists of a melody played upon the harp accompanied by a vocal recital or musical chant of verses upon a set subject. The rules laid down for this form of music are stringent as to metre and rhythm. The harpist must play his melody in strict time throughout. The singer may break in with his recital at

music are stringent as to metre and rhythm. The harpist must play his melody in strict time throughout. The singer may break in with his recital at any bar of the melody he chooses, but he must so arrange his words that his stanza and the melody come to an end together.

This curious form of singing is probably the way in which in former times the wandering minstrel and the family harper related the events of the day and the prowess of heroes, when no other means of circulating news was possible. It seems strange that so old a custom should still show such signs of vitality, but, as prizes are annually offered

strange that so old a custom should still show such signs of vitality, but, as prizes are annually offered for this mode of singing, it seems likely long to survive and resist the march of time.

A prize of £20 and a gold medal for the best cantata, with overture and accompaniments for piano and harmonium, "The Harvest," was won by a lady, Miss Williams, of Beaumaris, who has on several occasions distinguished herself by carrying off prizes for musical compositions.

The most important competition of the day was, however, the

Chief Choral Competition.

A first prize of £100 and a baton value £5, and a second prize of £20, were offered for the best rendering of (a) "Lord, our Redeemer" (Bach's "Passion St. John"); (b) "See what Love hath the Father" (Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"); (c) "Ardderchowgrwydd pob Gogoniant" and "Amen" (Stephen's "Storm of Tiberias"), for choirs not under 120 and not over 150 voices, and other the state of open to all comers.



R. P. JONES, Aged 8 years, Winner of Violin Competition for Boys.

Three choirs entered for this competition —(1) Sheffield choir; (2) Birkenhead Cambrian Choral Society; (3) the Wrexham choir.

It was disappointing to find that no choir from

It was disappointing to find that no choir from the quarry districts came forward for this contest.



Winners of Band Contest.



VIEW OF ROOM WITH ART EXHIBITS AND PRIZE CHAIR.

culture. Hence the singers did not meet, and the choirs which usually form a chief feature in the Eisteddfodic gatherings were conspicuous by their

absence.

The choirs which competed were from districts not directly affected by this general depression. The singing was good, though by no means equal to that at previous contests, such as that of the Penrhyn choir at Liverpool Eisteddfod, 1884, for example. Mr. Ebenezer Prout, in delivering the adjudication, said:

adjudication, said:

"The decision of the adjudicators with reference to the merits of the several choirs was a most unanimous one. Each of the choirs had sung with much heartiness. In every case there had been a good attack, the choirs going to work as if they meant business, and that was a thing which musicians could always appreciate. There had been also a great deal of attention to light and shade. In fact, in the case of the Sheffield choir, that attention was carried too far. There was a little exaggeration on their part—a case of gilding refined gold, or, as the poet aptly put it, of painting the lilly. However, all the choirs were tarred with the same brush, only that some were more tarred than the others." The decision of the adjudicators was that the first prize be awarded to the Wrexham choir and the second to Birkenhead.

This announcement was received with enthusiastic cheers, the audience rising, and waving handkerchiefs, and loudly applauding for some time.

In the evening a miscellaneous concert was held, at which Mr. Edmund Swetenham, M.P., presided. The conductor of the successful choir was then presented by the Lord Mayor of London with the prize baten, after which the choir gave an excellent rendering of "See what Love hath the

and which, with perfect loyalty to their Queen, they loved with all their hearts.

The Eisteddfod song, "Gwlad y delyn" (The Land of the Harp), was given by Eos Morlais, the well-known Welsh tenor.

The prize of £7 and a silver medal for the best Welsh anthem was awarded to Mr. James Conway Brown, Farnham, Surrey. For singing the tenor solo, "Deeper and deeper still," and "Waft her, Angels," three selected candidates competed publicly. The successful singer was Mr. D. Howells (Gwynalaw), but Mme. Patey presented the other two competitors with a guinea each. They were David Evans, Rhondda Valley, and William Evans, Morriston. In the harmonium competition, prize £3 3s., there were two entries. Mr. Griffith Jones, Pen-y-Groes, was the winner. The test pieces were an allegretto from Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," No. 41, and the second movement from "Organ fugue in E flat" (St. Ann's). Ann's).

The most interesting competition of the day was that of the male choirs not under 40 nor over 60 voices. A prize of £25 with a silver medal was offered to the choir which best rendered "Ah, with me" (Siegfried), and the scena "Y Gof" (The Blacksmith), the latter to be sung to Welsh or English words. There was a spirited competition, the choirs being the Festiniog (North Wales) Glee Society, the Glantawe (South Wales) Musical Society, and the Cynon (South Wales) Glee Society. The adjudicators awarded the prize to the Glantawe Choir, and pronounced the competition to be the best choral competition that had been held during the Eisteddfod. In the evening an excellent performance was

In the evening an excellent performance was given of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Mr. T. E. Ellis, M.P., presided.

M.P., presided.

In opening the proceedings, he said:—"It was while contemplating an audience such as this that someone, with the characteristic Weish turn for alliteration, exclaimed, 'Môr o gân yw Cymry'i gyd.' This sea of song, which reaches its high-water mark in performances of great masterpieces like the 'Eligh,' has been fed from many streams. This Eisteddfod is the highest embodiment of that deep desire for popular culture which finds went in the innumerable literary meetings held in the hamlets and towns of Wales. The performance of 'Elijah' here to-night is rendered possible by the unceasing and unrecorded efforts of devoted lovers of music in the cottages and country sides of Wales. For music is the first faculty of the Welsh as of the Irish, and scarcely anything has such power over them. Our national melodies, with their subdued sorrow of Wales; our religious tunes, set for the most part in the minor key, are more human—and have therefore greater influence—than the dogmas of our creeds, because they recognize and appeal to the undefinable sadness which encircles human life, while an orstorio like 'Elijah' inspires us to cultivate bolder strains and tasches us as a poople the possibility of greater effort and nobler achievement in the world of music and in the world of section.

The soloists were Mme. Patey, Miss Mary Davies,

The soloists were Mme. Patey, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Annie Hope, Miss Timethy, Miss Ellen Evans, Messrs. James Sauvage, Eos Morlais, Hopson, Jones, and M'Kie.

Thursday.

The morning's proceedings were presided over by Mr. J. H. Puleston, M.P.

In his address, he eulogised the Eisteddfod as the undying exponent of the Welsh love for music, poetry, and song, and illus-trated the antiquity of the institution by citing the fact that King Cadwaladr had reformed the Eisteddfod in the year 688, which, of course, was proof positive that the vista of its years stretched back farther still into the far-off past. The results of the Eistedfod were excellent, and he was greatly gratified when Chief Justice Davies, of New York, told him the other day that of the thousands of persons tried judicially by him in the year not one was a Welshman. The President concluded by observing that he should like to see geological and chemical sections added to the National Eisteddfod. geological and chemical sections added to the reational partial He would also willingly co-operate financially with others to offer a £1co prize upon emigration at a coming Eisteddfod.

A Welsh song, "Y Milwr Dewr" (The Brave Soldier), by Dr. Parry, was then sung by Mr. John

Henry.

Among many competitions that took place during the morning was one of exceptional interest, in playing upon the pedal harp.

Three competitors came forward, and all played with remarkable ability. Two of them were quite little lads, whose feet could scarcely reach the pedals. The prize was awarded to Thomas Thomas, and Builth, but Mr. John Thomas, the adjudicator, pedals. The prize was awarded to Thomas Thomas, of Builth, but Mr. John Thomas, the adjudicator, gave a guinea each to the two lads, who showed gave a guinea each to the two lads, who showed such great promise. One of them, the son of Eos y Berth, will, it is hoped, come up to London to prosecute his musical studies in the Royal Academy of Music, and will, beyond a doubt, prove a credit to his native land, the "land of the harn" harp

The solo competition, for the soprano solo, "When this Scene of Trouble closes" (Spohr's "Calvary"), was an exceedingly good one. Four singers were selected for public contest, and the prize was taken by Llinos y Gwent.

taken by Llinos y Gwent.

The choral competition for choirs not under sixty voices brought forward two choirs—one from Bagillt, Flintshire; the other from Oswestry. Both sang well, but the Bagillt choir was almost too careful in expression, and so lost considerably in force and spirit. The Oswestry choir, by its spirited and hearty earnestness, produced a finer effect, especially in the chorus "O Great is the Depth" (Mendelsshn), and the prize was awarded to it.

The chief feature of the third day's proceedings, was the ancient and time-honoured rite of the

Chairing of the Bard.

A prize of £20 and a carved oak bardic chair had been offered for the best Ode upon "Hope." The successful poet would be declared the Chaired Bard for the ensuing year with all due formality. Accordingly, when the time arrived for this adjudication, the conductor of the day, Llew yfo, called upon a large number of bards there ent to assemble on the platform in readiness present to assemble on the platform in readiness for the ceremony. In their midst stood the vacant chair, and near it the three bards, Gwalchmai, Elis Wyn o Wyrfai, and Gwilym Eryri, upon whose judgment rested the award. The aged Gwalchmai, the "hero of a thousand fights," as his numerous medals testified, delivered in the choicest and most melodious Welsh the adjudication.

Fifteen poems had been received, most of them

of considerable merit, but the best was one signed "Gray." "Is Gray present?" shouted Llew Llwyfo. Amid great excitement and applause it was discovered that "Gray" was "Tafolog," a farmer from Newtown, whose reputation as a poet is already well established. He stood up in his place among the audience until Hwfa Mon and place among the audience until riwis and and Gwilym Eryri came to escort him to the platform, the band meanwhile playing a triumphant strain of welcome.

Then ensued the installation rites. A sword was unsheathed and held over the head of the kneeling bard—the assembled officiating bards laid their hand upon it, while Clwydfardd demanded,
"A oes heddwch?" The multitude replied
"Heddwch" (Peace), thus signifying approval of "Heddwch" (Peace), thus signifying approval of the award. For the third time was this question asked and answered, and the sword was returned to its scabbard.

Tafolog was then placed in the chair and invested with the ribbon of honour, and the song of victory followed, sung by the Pencerdees, Miss Mary Davies. Finally the Chaired Bard received from the Arch-Druid Clwydfardd the "charge," by which he vows to maintain in all its purity the which he vows to maintain in an its purity the gift of poesy with which he has been endowed, and in every way to preserve the dignity of the high post of honour to which he has been raised. Extempore verses were poured forth by friendly bards in congratulation, and the ceremony was over. A miscellaneous concert was given in the evening, at which the Hon. Geo. T. Kenyon, M.P., presided.

Friday

was the closing day of the Eisteddfod. The principal items of the morning meeting were a pianoforte competition (for players under fourteen years of age), rondo in C (Beethoven), won by Miss M. Jones, Carnarvon; bass solo competition, "Behold the Day of the Lord" (Dr. Parry), prize of £3, won by Bennett Williams, Portmadoc (brother to Mr. John Henry); baud contest for £20 and a gold medal, awarded to the Nantlle band from the quarries; slate-splitting competition, for which gold medal, awarded to the Nantlle band from the quarries; slate-splitting competition, for which 163 quarrymen came forward—there were three classes, and three prizes in each class, for cutting, splitting, and dressing slates. The excitement among the quarrymen competitors and their friends was intense. The prize-winners came forward to be rewarded at the evening concert. The Eisteddfod was brought to its successful conclusion by a performance of Haydn's "Creation" by the Carnarvon Choral Society, with orchestral accompaniments, under the conductorship of Mr. John Williams (organist of Christ-Church). This young and persevering conductor

ship of Mr. John Williams (organist of Christ-Church). This young and persevering conductor is to be most heartily congratulated upon the great success he has attained. The performance was an admirable one, and reflects the utmost credit upon him, for it appears that the choir has only been brought together since Christmas last. Both singers and conductor must have worked very hard to produce such a satisfactory result. In attack, precision, and accuracy of execution, the choir would compare favourably with many choirs of experience and long-standing repute, while the brilliancy of the voices and the genuine enthusiasm and evident enjoyment displayed by enthusiasm and evident enjoyment displayed by the singers proved them to be worthy denizens of the music-loving "Gwlad y gan" (Land of song). The soli parts were taken by Miss Mary Davies, Eos Morlais, and Signor Foli.

Gymmrodorion Section.

During the week several interesting meetings were held in connection with this section of the Eisteddfod. These proceedings are somewhat of the nature of a Social Science Conference, and are each nature of a Social Science Conference, and are each year becoming more important. The meetings were well attended and very good discussions took place. Papers were read on "Race and Nationality," by Dr. Isambard Owen, M.A.; on "The Utilization of the Welsh Language," by E. G. Griffith, B.A., Downing College, Cambridge; on "Education of Girls in Wales," by Miss Dilys Davies, North London Collegiate Schools for Girls; and on

Choral Training in Wales.

Dr. Rowland Rogers, in his admirable paper on "Choral Train in Wales," dealt principally with the strong and weak points in dental to choral societies and Eisteddfod choral competitions.

Dr. Rowland Rogers, in his admirable paper on "Choral Training in Wales," dealt principally with the strong and weak points incidental to choral societies and Eisteddfod choral competitions. He first took the constituent parts of the choirs in regular order. Commencing with the sopranos, he said that not ten out of every sixty could read music from either the Tonic Sol-fa or the Old Notation; as a set-off, however, against this, Welsh sopranos possessed brilliant voices of good compass, and a very expressive style of singing any piece they had been correctly taught to sing by ear.

The inability of women to read music, however, had a much more disastrous effect in the alto than in the soprano portion of the choruses, it being naturally much easier to sing melody by ear than in inner parts. Wales was wealthy in its possession of full and rich contralto voices, and yet, said Dr. Rogers, "How often have you not heard, at meetings of this kind, choral performances in which the trebles, tenors, and basses have been excellent, but the susemble completely spoilt by the half-broken voices of boy altos." This condition of things was mainly brought about because choir trainers can find ten boys who can read the alto part where they probably find one contrait ocompetent to do so. This deficiency in reading, however, will not exist in so marked a degree in coming years, children 'now attending day schools being taught to sing from the Tonic Sol-fa notation by certificated teachers.

Proceeding to the next section, he suggested that great care should be taken to weed out from amongst the tenors what might be called baritons-tenor voices, as they produce the highest notes—E to A inclusive—neither from the head nor the chest, but simply by an immense contraction of the throat, and the quality of the upper notes was decidedly bad. Speaking generally, he said, these barl-

be called barions-tenor voices, as they produce the highest notes—
E to A inclusive—neither from the head nor the chest, but simply by
an immense contraction of the throat, and the quality of the upper
notes was decidedly bad. Speaking generally, he said, these baritone-tenors should, for the better preservation of their voices and
not, because they could shout out an artificial upper A, be allowed to
sing with the tenors. Passing on to the real bass voices, for quality
and falness of tone, power of reading, and genuine musical enthusiasm, he thought them unsurpassed. At the last Leeds Festival,
where some of the finest choral singing in the kingdom might have
been heard, he listened most attentively, and certainly thought that
the fine Yorkshire basses were no better, if as good, as the Betheda
quarrymen. Having thus briefly considered the several voice parts
which constitute the choruses, Dr. Rogers nest noticed the conductors. He said it was by no means an uncommon occurrence in
choral competitions for the conductor of a competitive choir to
describe every figure short of a triangle with his legs, drive out both

arms alternately as though he were boxing with an unseen adversay, or, suddenly sinking to a calm, spread out both hands, as though he were giving a paternal blessing all round, and then, after putting himself into a magnificent at site of perspiration by these means, and his choir into a key sometimes a half and sometimes a whole tone sharper than the one in which they began, get down from his place of coaducting, looking as thoroughly exhausted as a man who had run a mile race in five minutes. To check these unseemly antics, and bring about a more artistic method, the gold medal or bâton, which is usually awarded to the conductor of the successful choir, should be given to the conductor who appears most graceful in his movements, coupled with a sharpness in giving the "leads" to the different voice parts, and also by appearing to have, without any undue demonstration, the most absolute command over his choir, whether his choir be the successful one or not.

Dr. Rogers then criticized at length the arrangements for choral competitions. He said it was most desirable that the exact time the competition was to take place should be printed on the programme and punctually adhered to, and the order in which the choirs were to come on to the platform should be given. It had been remarked that Eisteddfod officials did not understand the meaning of the word "punctuality," neither did they fully realize the cruelty to females and the painful tension even to strong men to be cooped up, as seven hundred were for three hours in a broiling hot ante-room at the Liverpool Eisteddfod, expecting to be called on the platform every minute, and not daring to leave the room for any purpose.

He did not see why the morning meeting should not commence to the minute, and a certain time, say ten, fifteen, or twenty minute allowed for the President's address, and the time for every item of the programme so rigorously kept by the conductor that the meetings should end as punctually as they began. Dr. Rogers then gave about dens as punctu

he competition.

A conductor will arrive with his choir of perhaps two hundred men, women, and children at the town where the Eisteddfod is held, which may be a distance of a hundred miles or so from their place of starting. Having arrived at the pavilion, be sends to inquire from the conductor for the day or the secretary what time the choncompetition will be likely to take place; the answer will probably be, Oh! somewhere about half-past twelve or one o'clock. Acting upon this information, he gets all his choir together at the platform doer by a quarter-past twelve, so that there shall be no delay when they are called upon to compete. Suddenly, loud applause is heard inside the building. "Now, then," says the conductor, "get ready; this isplause must be for the choral competition;" but don't make a mistake my friends—it is simply because some pretty little child of perhaps in are called upon to compete. Suddenly, loud applause is heard inside the building. "Now, then," says the conductor, "get ready; this splause must be for the choral competition;" but don't make a mistake my friends—it is simply because some pretty little child of perhaps ten years of age has gone on to the platform to compete for the juvenile pianoforte prize, and he or she will probably be followed by at least a dozen or more of the same tender age before the next item on the programme is taken. Again loud applause is heard from within: surely this must be for the choral competition. Nothing of the kind; some stranger on the platform has been asked to deliver an address, no mention of which has been even intimated on the programme. Possibly by this time one of the women will have fainted, and the pressure from the back is somewhat eased so that the poor woman can get a little fresh air. The address inside being finished, the conductor for the day suddenly finds that No. 2, or 7, or 9 on the programme was passed over because the adjudicators were engaged elsewhere, and this must be got over before the choral competition is allowed to begin, or it will stand but a poor chance of being heard at all; and then, after everything else is cleared up and the poor choristers are weary and sick with waiting and hunger, they are called forward, at half-past two or three o'clock, when they have nothing in the world but a little excitament to sing upon.

While the first choir is singing, the last choirs are waiting, santously waiting for anything, so that it will soon be over, many of them regretting that they had ever entered for the competition, and wishing themselves back home again. "This, gentlemen," said Dr. Rogers, "is no exaggeration, for I have gone through it more than once or twice, and all of this worry and anxiety need not have existed had it been simply stated on the programme that No. r choir would sing at one o'clock, No. 2 choir at 1.15, No. 3 choir at 1.30, No. 4 choir at 1.45, and so on, according to the le

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wasting time by his preliminary arrangements on the plattom should be stopped by the adjudicators the moment his time had expired, whether the choruses were finished or unfinished.

"Gentlemen, if my views draw from you any further suggestions which will in any way advance the beautiful art of vocal music in this country. I shall feel gratified to have contributed something towards an art which is very dear to me, as it must necessarily be to every man who truly loves the profession he has adopted."

This most interesting and valuable paper was followed by a discussion, in which it transpired followed by a discussion, in which it transpired that not only is choral singing progressing, but that a start has been made in Orchestral Training in Wales. Mr. John Roberts, Flour Mills, Portmadoc, a musical enthusiastic, has for some time been holding classes for tuition in sight reading, and has introduced the practice of orchestral inbeen holding classes for tunion in signs about an and has introduced the practice of orchestral instruments to the young people of the town. He has so inspired the music-loving people of Portmadoc with his own enthusiasm that an orchestra of small size has been formed, and it is hoped will soon increase and prosper. - Would that other towns and villages in Wales and elsewhere would follow the good example set them by Portmadoc, and fill the leisure time of young men and maidens with the elevating influences of the study of music! It is by this genuine and heartfelt love of music displayed by all classes of people, high and low, rich and poor, that the principality has justly earned for itself the right to say, in the words of the old proberb, "Môr o gân yw Cymry i gyd"—(Wales is throughout a sea of song).

What the Germans

ARE SAYING OF

"The Mikado."

NE have recently had "The Mikado" performed in the Waller formed in the Wallner theatre by a specially selected company, and the public of the capital have, for the first time, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a thoroughly national product of English musical art. It was rather a risky experiment to produce in English a piece which so largely depends for its effect on the witticisms of the dialogue, and although the first performance was a brilliant success, the house was for a time practically empty; but gradually the public has been so won over by the excellence of the performance, that at the present moment every seat at the Wallner theatre is booked for more than a week in advance. We shall later on give our reasons for regarding this as a most gratifying circumstance.

The subject of the operatta forms, under the disguise of a very innocent love-story, the scene of which is laid in the Japanese town of Titipu, a refined satire on social and political life in England. The son of the Mikado has made eyes at one of the old Maids of Honour, and the lady demands the fulfilment of the promise of marriage; the Prince escapes from this very doubtful happiness in flight, but old Katisha follows him, and in spite of his disguise recognizes him just as he is on the point of marrying the ward of the Lord High Executioner, Ko-Ko.

Ko-Ko had been condemned to death, but had been unexpectedly reprieved, and appointed Lord High Executioner. He has just received stringent orders from the Mikado to behead some one or other within the space of one month. No one exactly cares to volunteer to give the use of his head under the circumstances, but Ko-Ko at last succeeds in inducing the Prince Nanki-Poo, of whose identity he is, of course, not aware, to help him out of the difficulty by consenting to marry Ko-Ko's ward, Yum-Yum, on the condition that he is to be executed in four weeks after the marriage. Of course, in the end Nanki-Poo keeps his head and Yum-Yum as well; Ko-Ko marries old Katisha, the Mikado recovers his lost son, and everything winds up happily.

For those who can read between the lines, the outline of the piece is hardly more than a sort of speaking-trumpet through which Gilbert scatters on the audience a shower of sparkling witticisms and satirical hits. No class, no party, no social prejudice is spared; and, by laying the scene far away in Japan and in the fifteenth century, the author has enjoyed a wider liberty of satire than would have been possible if the scene had been laid in England. The text might perhaps have been more effective from a dramatic point of view, but it is certainly one of the wittiest productions of modern

The music, by Arthur Sullivan, whom we have long known by name as a composer of symphonies, oratorios, and operas, is far above the level of those productions which have recently come from the operetta factory of Messrs. Suppé and Millöcker. the reminds one frequently of Auber or of Offenbach in his best period—the period of his one-act operettas; it frequently reaches the level of the former composer, and is never much behind the latter. latter. This may be taken as a tolerably accurate estimate of the value of Sullivan's compositions.

Among exceptionally beautiful numbers, which are far superior to anything in our own operettas, we may mention the song of Yum-Yum in the second act, the madrigal for four voices, which is a happy imitation of the masterpieces of Morley and

Dowland, and a characteristic trio in the old con-trapuntal style for the three dignitaries of State. Equally charming, if somewhat slighter from a musical point of view, is the entrance-song of the "Three little maids from school," and Ko Ko's tale of the little wren that died of love; also Nanki-Poo's entrance-song, the verses of the Mikado, whose ideal it is "To make the punishment fit the crime;" and the quartette, "So please you, sir."

The orchestra is handled throughout with the

greatest skill and tact; the instrumentation is never noisy; there are some refined effects in the scoring, such as, for example, the employment of the deep flutes in the trio for male voices mentioned above, the colouring given to the description of the execution, and many others.

Of the performance we may say in a word that it is excellent, more refined, and yet more lively than anything we have seen for a long time. The most prominent member of the company is Mr. Courtice Pounds, a dramatic tenor with whom none of the tenors performing in Berlin at the present moment can be compared, either in elegance of acting or musical knowledge. Miss Ulmar, who plays Yum-Yum, is a charming artiste; and the representatives of Ko-Ko (Mr. Fisher), the Mikado (Mr. Federici), and Pooh-bah are all very comical exponents of their respective parts. A word of praise is due to the chorus, which is excellent both in richness of tone and the refinements of light and shade. The mounting is magnificent, and the movements and grouping of both the artistes and the chorus, which are copied from Japanese models,

give an air of genuine originality to the whole.

A word in conclusion. We cannot but think that "The Mikado" is eminently fitted to confirm the views we have already expressed on the proper function of the operetta and the future that lies before it. Since the time when Offenbach wrote his one act pieces, operetta has more and more degenerated; with one or two exceptions, each successive operetta has been one degree worse than the one that preceded it; words and music alike have sunk lower and lower, until matters have come to such a pitch under the partnership of Messrs. Zell and Genée, with Millöcker and other "masters," that operetta has become little more than a field for the most vulgar and repulsive speculation on the lowest impulses of the senses, And now Sullivan, with his charming and artistic work, has gradually won the hearts even of those circles for whom "The Mikado" was at first not "gay" enough. We may hope that this immediate success will prove lasting, and that the eyes of the public will gradually be opened to see what miserable stuff has been served up to them under the name of "operetta." The beneficial result will then follow, that a legitimate form of art will be raised from the mud into which it has sunk, and shake itself free from that demi-monde species of operetta with which we are unfortunately so familiar. The very existence, far less the success, of this latter species of operetta is a disgrace to musical art in this country. Against the productions of Messrs. Millöcker, Genée, Dellinger & Có. we shall find Sullivan's "Mikado" a useful antidote, and we may well hope that Sullivan will continue to produce works of the same class; we shall then give him a doubly warm welcome when he comes to visit us.

> Stegfried Ochs, In the " Berlin Musik-Zeitung."

THERE'S music in the sighing of a reed; There's music in the gushing of a rill; There's music in all things, if men had ea s; Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

Byron, "Don Juan."

In Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, in the famous pas-sage which imitates lightning and thunder—we believe it has never yet been pointed out that the lightning comes after the thunder throughout; a rather startling violation of Nature's laws, when one comes to think of it!— FREDERICK CORDER.

OWorking Men's Concerts.

NOTEWORTHY feature in the efforts made of late years to provide intellectual entertainment for the masses has been the establishment of "Working Men's Concerts," or "Concerts for the People," whereby for a mere nominal charge, varying from sixpence downwards, the artizan and his family have provided for them a pabulum of sweet sounds, which they could not under other circumstances hope to attain except for a much larger sum. Foremost in the list of industrial centres where working men's concerts have been inaugurated stands Manchester; and in this particular city, and in the surrounding neighbourhood, these concerts have proved great successes. Not perhaps in the achievement of any astounding pecuniary results, which is not the end the promoters have at heart; but in the overwhelming patronage they have received from the classes for which they were instituted. The idea of philanthropists who plan and carry out these musical evenings is, that a man who spends his Saturday night in hearing good music is less likely to wind up the day in drinking, or to devote the leisure hours of the ensuing Sunday to the attractions of the tavern, than if he had been left altogether to his own resources after the close of his week's work. And the result has, in the opinion of those best calculated to form such opinion, been satisfactory in a great degree. The spectacle of the Free Trade Hall in Manchester on the alternate Saturdays of the past three winters has been a sight which would surprise a "stranger or foreigner," were he to step in unexpectedly. There, under the able conductorship of Mr. Edward de Jong, he would probably find a military band, a body of choral singers more or less numerous, and a well-selected body of solo singers, professional or amateur, from whose united efforts a most attractive programme would be rendered for the delectation of an attentive and delighted audience which packed the immense area in all its parts.

Only a few yards up the same street another crowd is gathered at the Association Hall, music being again the sole attraction, under the guidance of Mr. Cross; and at intervals throughout the winter similar assemblages will be found in the various suburban Town Halls or large schoolrooms, including Ardwick, Didsbury, Hulme, and Pendleton. The method of management varies in different places. Either a committee is formed, under whose auspices a professional conductor arranges the details; or else, as is usual in the more country districts, where the movement assumes more of a parochial character, a number of private individuals make themselves each responsible for one or more concerts, and arrange and carry out the programme with the aid of their own personal friends.

Two circumstances are specially noteworthy with regard to these Manchester Working Men's Concerts; the first being the heartiness and zest with which they aretaken up by those invited to assist, and the amount of talent, whether amateur or prosional, which, has been enlisted, either voluntary or at a small cost, to aid the good cause. The other striking feature is the admirable behaviour of those who avail themselves of the opportunities provided for them, the attention and silence observed during the music setting a bright example to others in a higher social sphere. The smallest tendency to conversation or any other disturbing element is at once suppressed by those who feel that they have paid their pence to hear good music, and that, however small the amount may have been, they will have their money's worth undisturbed. Any large centres of industry which have not already adopted the system of "People's Concerts" will do well to try the experiment next winter.

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The Gloucester Musical Jestival.

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◆HE one hundred and sixty-third meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford has come and gone, and from all points of view it is to be pronounced a success. The history of the rise and progress of the Festival from the humble and obscure origin of a friendly yearly meeting between a few lovers of music in the three dioceses "for the purposes of harmony," to the position of eminence it now occupies amongst the musical events of the year, has already been related in the pages of this magazine. Charity is still the raison d'être of the annual gatherings, and though the wording of the appeal in 1886 to those who are of liberal minds is a little different from the announcement of the handbill in 1723, contributions are invited for a very similar purpose. These collections were made for the first time " for placing out, or assisting to the education and maintenance of the orphans of the poorer clergy" belonging to the three dioceses; the appeal is now made in more general terms, the announcement merely stating that "these music meetings are held to raise funds for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy in the dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford.'

Certainly the stewards, who this year number as many as 190, spared no pains or expense to render the Festival attractive alike to musicians and to the public generally. The principal singers included Mesdames Albani and Patey, and Misses Hilda Wilson and Anna Williams; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Winch. The band numbered over 60, and comprised many of the best known players of the day-Carrodus, Val Nicholson, Blagrove, Howell, White, Horton, Severn, Radcliff, Lazarus and McGrath; and the programme included several new works in addition to the old bulwarks in the shape of the famous and timeserving oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn. The citizens also vied with the stewards in enterprise, and in answer to an appeal for subscriptions to decorate the noble old city a sufficient sum was immediately forthcoming. And what was left undone from this source the honest rivalry of the inhabitants supplied, with the result that the old streets presented an unusually brilliant spectacle. Each day the city was filled with a gaily dressed throng of visitors and handsome equipages.. The weather, a great factor in the matter, was on the whole propitious, and though fickle was more generally fair.

The week appropriately opened with a service in the Cathedral, which was attended by the Mayor and Corporation, the High Sheriff and Under-Sheriff, together with the Mayors of Worcester, Hereford, Monmouth, and Tewkesbury, all arrayed in their robes of office; and the Dean of Gloucester (Dr. Butler, of Harrow) preached an earnest and cloquent sermon based upon the words "Comfort ye my people," and the main point of which was a generous, if impracticable, suggestion that a peripatetic band of competent musicians should be endowed to inculcate a greater knowledge, love and appreciation for music throughout the country. the service, the Mayor (Mr. Trevor Powell) entertained a large party at luncheon, including several of the composers-Dr. Hubert Parry, Mr. W. S. Rockstro, and Mr. C. H. Lloyd; the conductor, Mr. C. Lee Williams; Mr. Winch and Mr. Watkin Mills, tenor and bass soloists, and many local

The actual Festival itself commenced, as it has done since its first production in Gloucester as far back as 1847, with only two exceptions, with Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and the performance was preceded for the first time within the walls of Gloucester's grand cathedral by a short form of

prayer, and the responses, a reverent example set us by Worcester and Hereford, and one which serves still more to render the performances what they really are-devout services. In addition to the four great principals, the solo music was shared by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Mr. Watkin Mills; Miss Dickenson and Miss Morgan assisting in the double quartets. The chorus, which was composed of picked voices from the three dioceses, Bradford, Cardiff, Bristol, Oxford and Cambridge, sang the massive choruses with the precision and judgment which only come with perfect knowledge of the music; and the band, under Mr. Carrodus' leadership, and with Mr. Williams, the Cathedral organist, conducting, gave a splendid rendition of the maestro's magnificent music. Mr. Santley's reading of the Prophet music needs no praise, though it is with regret that we notice the great loss of voice-power which time and suffering have brought about; and the same remarks apply, but with less force, to Mme. Patey. Mme. Albani and Mr. Lloyd retain their wonderful gift unimpaired, and the former's redundant organ was often employed too loudly in the solo concerted pieces. It is worthy of mention as regards the soloists that Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Morgan, and Mr. Watkin Mills are all Gloucestershire people.

The chief feature of the concert held in the Shire Hall on Tuesday evening was the production of Mr. C. H. Lloyd's "Andromeda." It was written specially for the Gloucester Musical Festival, and is dedicated to Mr. C. L. Williams, who succeeded him as organist to the cathedral. The mythological story of Perseus and Andromeda is admirably treated by Mr. Weatherley, who wrote the libretto, and Mr Lloyd is fortunate in securing so competent a co-labourer. The story and musical construction being already familiar from an analysis that appeared in our last issue, it only remains to tell how the good impression caused by a careful study of the score was heightened by the performance of the cantata. Mr. Lloyd is an earnest and conscientious composer, and each work he has given us has been an improvement on the last. "Andromeda" is at once the longest and the best of Mr. Lloyd's compositions. It is full of melody, contains some beautiful vocal part writing, and the orches tration exhibits sound knowledge. The principal singers were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Mr. Watkin Mills, and they, the band, and chorus combined heartily to make "Andromeda," what it undoubtedly was, a great success The second part of the programme included Sterndale Bennett's third pianoforte concerto, in C minor, and Miss Fanny Davies proved herself a worthy pupil of her worthy teacher, Mmc. Schumann. Her wonderful grasp, and firm and yet facile execution, created a great impression. Mr. Edward Lloyd sang two songs by Schubert, "Regret," and the ever-popular "Serenade;" Mr. Mills gave Verdi's "O tu Palermo" in good style; Mr. Carrodus played Molique's Andante and Rondo from the Fifth Concerto; and the concert was brought to a conclusion by an overture composed by Miss Ellicott (daughter of the Bishop of the diocese). It is entitled "Dramatic," and showed the composer to be a musician of no ordinary calibre and a profound student. Miss Ellicott had to ascend the platform from the body of the hall to acknowledge the hearty applause bestowed upon the work, applause in which the band ungrudgingly joined.

The programme for Wednesday was of a miscellaneous character. The first part was devoted to Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," and a perfect rendering was given of the Bohemian composer's inspired setting to the poem of Jacoponus. The beautiful solo music was shared by the four great principals, and all were in excellent voice with the exception of the renowned baritone, who was evidently far from well. Mendelssohn's too infrequently heard "Reformation Symphony," composed in 1830 to celebrate the tercentenary festival of the Augsburg Protestant Convention, but not performed until two years after that da'e; two anthems, one by Gibbons

and one by the elder Wesley, and representative of the severer Church music of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries; and Hiller's "Song of Victory," completed the programme. At the evening performance in the Cathedral was produced for the first time a sacred oratorio by Mr. W. S. Rockstro, entitled

"The Good Shepherd,"

written specially for the Festival. The words are selected from Holy Scripture, and the cantata is divided into two parts:—Part I. "The Sheep without a Shepherd," and Part II. "The Shepherd and the Sheep." The argument is as follows :- Part I. The world, sunk in sin and misery, bewails its lost condition. The faithful, oppressed by the ungodly, cry to God for help; and, notwithstanding the persecutions of the ungodly, refuse to yield to the temptations by which they are surrounded. Part II. A Saviour is promised to those who endure. In the fulness of time He unnounces Himself, under the title of the Good Shepherd, promising salvation to all who seek it through Him. The faithful receive Him with joy, and express their thankfulness in a hymn of praise, with which the oratorio concludes. The general treatment of the subject is epic, though, in certain places where the sense of the words seems to demand the change, the character of the music verges more or less on the dramatic style, especially in the instrumental accompaniments, which are very elaborate, and bring into requisition all the resources of the modern orchestra. The music introduces six themes: "The Proclamation," delivered by the brass instruments whenever the attention of the faithful is demanded by the Prophet; "The Sheepfold," a suggestive pastoral theme in 6-4 time; " a phrase of similar character; "The Shepherd," and "The Faithful," introduced as a solemu chorale, a protest against wickedness, and, finally, as a hymn of thanksgiving. Both the libretto and its treatment are strictly conventional; and though the oratorio contains nothing offensive to the ear or the respecters of the canons of musical composition, it disappointed by its continued commonplaceness and dulness. Mr. Rockstro studied under Mendelssohn, and the melody of the master is sometimes apparent; but the "Good Shepherd" will never make him famous. The difference between the genius of the master and the pupil was made strikingly apparent by the "Hymn of Praise" following, a work which, though a critic in 1840 described it in a journal devoted to musical matters as "a miserable, noisy, trashy combination of discordant sounds," is considered in our day the most perfect specimen of what a sacred composition should be. The performance contained much that was excellent, but it had one lamentably weak spot-that was Mr. Winch's rendering of the tenor music, in which he never once rose to the level of a first-class oratorio singer.

The production of Gounod's latest work, "More to Vita," for the first time in the city, naturally created some interest, and there was an enormous demand for tickets for Thursday. The four principals sang the solo music, and the augmented band and chorus gave a good account of themselves. "Mors et Vita" raises varying feelings, but we must content ourselves with the general remark that, whereas it contains much in the gifted French composer's best style—the solo quartets are exquisite—there are observable those danger ously degenerating tendencies which were so conspicuous in the "Redemption," of which it is a continuation.

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The concert given in the evening was a grad success, tickets being sold at the last moment at a high premium. Mr. Cowen's "Sleeping Beauty, with Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Mills as soloists, simply enchanted the audience by its ceaseless melodies and delightful orchestration; and the composer, who conducted was enthusiastically applauded. Mme. Albanifor her rendering of Mozart's "Non temor bes

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amato," with violin obbligate by Mr. Carrodus, received a vociferous encore, and in response sang "Home, sweet Home," the band improvising an accompaniment. A "Suite Moderne," or short symphony, composed for the occasion by Dr. Parry, was well received, and will doubtless be heard in London during the winter.

As in former years, the last great act of the Festival was the "Messiah," in which all the solo singers took part, except Mr. Edward Lloyd. His place was taken by Mr. Winch, and the experiment

will not be repeated ..

The results of this year's meeting, musically and financially, are good. There has been a general and appreciable increase in the attendances as compared with 1883, though a corresponding result has not always been shown in the collections. So long as there is a wise and liberal expenditure, and the stewards continue to show the enterprise exhibited on this occasion, these great and important provincial gatherings will receive the support and patronage they deserve.

THE

Dean of Gloucester's

FESTIVAL SERMON.

THE Sermon preached by the Dean of Gloucester at the close of the Gloucester Festival will find an answering echo in many hearts. During the past decade a widespread and deepening public feeling has been growing up respecting the value of music in ameliorating the conditions of the social life of the orer dwellers in our large centres of population. The following remarks taken from the Gloucester journals' reports of the Dean's sermon are worthy the attention of our readers. The large-hearted plan by which he proposes extending the influence of music among the poorer class may be deemed by some chimerical, but the spirit that prompts his suggestion is worthy of every support :-

And this high gift of comforting, which is a great part of the duty of all, is one of the sacred privileges of art. Noble art does not please only, or teach only or elevate only—it also comforts. Who has not gratefully felt that mysterious power steal over him as he stood before some picture which came fresh and deep from the artist's real soul—whether through the sense of beauty, as revealed in landscape or in portrait, or the sense of pity, aroused by some moving incident of change or ruin, or the sense of brotherhood, as brought home anew by some feeling presentation of human or even animal bereavement? As we gaze on such works, we are, as I have said, lifted out of ourselves. We are raised not indeed above sorrow, but above selfish sorrow. We are reminded, not so much through the intellect as through the heart, of the truth so simply and touchingly expressed in Scripture that "the same afflictions are acceplished in our brethren which are in the world."

But if all true art be in its way a comforter, what shall we say of music? We shall say not what a musician might say from the fulness of his knowledge, if indeed he could find any words able to convey that knowledge, it indeed he could find any words able to convey that knowledge to others, but simply what anyone can say. It is a most blessed truism that music possesses beyond all other branches of art—beyond indeed every gift of God except the felt presence and outflow of a sympathising soul—the power to soothe, to touch, to encourage—in a word to comfort.

touch, to encourage—in a word to comfort.

When two days ago we listened, in the Evening Lesson, to that sublime passage which shows us the great but over-wrought Prophet standing in the mouth of the Cave of Horeb, and receiving in solemn succession the teachings of the earthquake, wind, and the fire, did not many of us—I would ask the question in all simplicity—find a comfort in recalling that breathless hush of the great Musician, by which in a few hours we shall again be thrilled, "And in that still small value onward came the Lord." hat still small voice onward came the Lord."

or to come to the other, and yet more truly sacred oratorio, of which our text, "Comfort ye, My people," is at once the prelude and the sum; what after all has caused the "Messiah" to be loved by our nation as no other work of art has ever been, or we may safely dare to say, ever will be

loved? It is not mainly because of its surpassing musical genius, of which only a few can judge. It is because it brings Christ so near to us—to us and to our homes—Christ elf as the man Jesus, "a man of sorrows and acquainted grief." Yes, the musician has been true to his own ng words. All that follows flows from them—the promises, the sufferings, the shame and splitting, the great victory, the vast reparation. All is part of the Divine will and of the sublime prophetic commission, "Comfort ye, My people, saith your God."

Christian friends, it is part of the value of these yearly commemorations to remind us of such Christian thoughts. If they are true, one fruitful further thought, among many, must surely arise with them. If sacred music has this must surely arise with them. If sacred music has this comforting power, we must surely long to spread it as widely as we can among our countrymen. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people"—not a select class only, not the cultivated only, or the wealthy, or the powerful middle-class—but "My people," the hundreds of thousands and the millions, the dwellers in cottages and alleys, aye, and in what they call rookeries, if such abominations must need continue. "Comfort ye, My people," in this sense also, is surely an application of the sacred words not unbecoming a minister of Him whose proudest earthly credential it was that He "preached the Gospel to the poor."

Brethren, I desire here to carry your hearts with me. We leave to musicians to judge how the progress of their glorious art can best be advanced. We wish them a reverent and grateful God-speed in their high-hearted efforts. We

glorious art can best be advanced. We wish them a reverent and grateful God-speed in their high-hearted efforts. We could pray that each of them might say, with the devout Haydu, at the close of his or her career: "I know that God has bestowed a talent upon me, and I thank Him for it; I think I have done my duty, and been of use in my generation by my works; let others do the same." Further, we listen with respect to the critics, who tell us what is good or bad in the music that we hear, and what among the good is first-rate, or only second-rate. We recognize that the trained knowledge of such professed students is absolutely necessary to educate the average taste, and to save us from giving our Ignorant admiration to what is superficial, or even vulgar. But it requires no musical talent, nor indeed any talent, to urge thus much: When once it is agreed that any musical work is a blessing to mankind, in the Name of Him who gave the gift, let us do what we can to extend its comfort to the poor. Which of us would not rejoice to feel, as he listens not many days hence, not as a critic, but as a man and a Christian, to the words that stir him most, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," sung here with the highest attainable perfection; or, again, thinks of them as sung elsewhere by some dear mother, or sister, or wife, or daughter, in years past, or present, or to come—who, I say, would not rejoice to feel that, through some slight effort of his, the "comfort," the marvellous consoling power of that victory of faith, which you can hardly hear without tears, had been extended to a thousand simple and ignorant folks, to help them in bearing their homely sorrows; and that some poor, uncultured mother, broken in heart by the loss of her little one, who had been the one witness of heaven to her hard and earthly life, was able to remember in her loneliness, as the very message of the the gift, let us do what we can to extend its comfort to remember in her loneliness, as the very message of the Divine Comforter, the tender hush of that matchless cadence, "yet in my flesh shall I see God?"

cadence, "yet in my flesh shall I see God?"
Rely upon it, Christian friends, there is a work to be done in this direction for the masses of our countrymen. Something has already been done, and we thank God for it; but much indeed remains to do. It is sad that, nearly 150 years since the "Messiah" was first performed, the fruits of Handel's majestic and yet truly popular genius should be tasted so little by the humbler citizens of the country which, as we know, he almost made his own. Can yet do something on this day of hone to berald at least a country which, as we know, he almost made his own. Can we do something on this day of hope to herald at least a brighter day? There are three classes, all largely represented here this week, to whom, with this holy object in view, I would dare to make my Christian appeal. There are the wealthy; there are the men and women of wide general culture; and there are those to whom the special gift of music has been largely given. Our generation has been privileged to see "rich men furnished with ability" rising music has been largely given. Our generation has been privileged to see "rich men furnished with ability" rising far more than in past years, to the height of their responsibilities. There have been instances not a few of gifts, on a princely scale, for parks, for cottage building, for libraries, and the like—noble gifts, by which, as the donors must rejoice to know, the humblest of their countrymen have found happiness and solace. The same bounty, on a much narrower scale, might do much for music. Many a rich man might, with little effort and great delight to himself, maintain a high-class orchestra for a few thousands a year, and send it constantly through all parts of the country—in villages as well as in towns—playing in the open air, as well as in great buildings, so that even the poorest might enjoy. The one condition to be laid down would be that nothing should be played or sung but of genuine worth.

Men of culture, again, not themselves wealthy, might do much to spread such ideas of duty and of particitism; might prepare public opinion to expect, to welcome, and to fin-prove such acts of munificence; might remining the rich, who are so sorely tempted by false traditions to waste

their substance on frivolous or ruinous objects, that there is "a more excellent way," and that this new fashion of employing superfluous wealth would bless him that gives even more than him that takes. And once more there is even more than him that takes. And once more there is that small but highly gifted class of those who are in each generation the representatives—one might almost say without cant the prophets—of the great art of music. Like all members of a refined profession, it is their natural temptation to think more of the cultured few than of the uncultured many; to have before their eyes critics and connoisseurs and brother artists, and the more instructed public, and to be content with their verdict and approval. But if all gifts be indeed derived from One Divine Giver. Who is no respecter of persons, and if He says sees plainly to the most gifted, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"—then the great composers, and the great performers, and the great singers have higher and more ennobling voices to listen to than even the plaudits of the most consummate of cr.tics or the affectionate gratitude of the kindliest of crowded assemblies. It is their privilege the kindliest of critics or the affectionate gratitude of the kindliest of crowded assemblies. It is their privilege to hear, as few can hear it, that appeal which no gifted to hear, as few can hear it, that appeal which no gitted man or woman can ever hear unmoved, "Comfort ye, com-fort ye, My people, saith your God." Use your divine gift of summoning tears, of recalling memories, of revealing sympathies, of kindling hopes, of inspiring heroism, of "bringing all heaven before the eyes" of the most sorrow-ful, aye, and even the most sin-stained—use this divine gift, not only to please and theil the progression. ful, aye, and even the most sin-stained—use this divine gift, not only to please and thrill the prosperous, but to "confort all that mourn," to bring back to desolate hearts, however obscure, the presence and the consolations of Him Who has said through the mouth of. His servant, "The poor shall not alway be forgotten; and the patient abiding of the weak shall not perish for ever," Ah! if I could presume weak shall not perish for ever." Ah: If I could presume to people the visions of a great singer or composer with an audience worthy of his powers at their fullest and grandest, it would not be with the most refined and best instructed, nor again the most reverent and devout, nor again—if I nor again the most reverent and devous, nor again—it is may dare to accompany his imagination heavenwards—with augels and archangels, intent on their own rapt worship of the Most High; but with such assemblies as Jesus loved, "the common people," who "heard Him gladly;" the "publicans and sinners," who "drew near unto Him for to hear Him;" the crowded multitudes from village and city who, as they listened to His words of comfort and marked His works of mercy, "glorified God, Who had given

The Dean of Gloucester's suggestion should be taken up by those who have wealth, in some such manner as will make good open-air and orchestral concerts more accessible to the working classes; modification of the scheme in detail without doubt would be necessary, but a nobler way of spending money, by thus bringing the outer multi-tudes under willing subjection to the influence of good music, could not well be found.

It is pleasing to know that there is at least one lady, well known in our London Concert Rooms and throughout the United Kingdom, who for some few years past has on occasions been present at free breakfasts, where the poorest and most out-cast in London have been gathered, for the purpose of singing to these worn and battered waifs of humanity. The singer's voice has come to them, breaking through the crust of their dark and saddened lives, calling up memories of a purer past—"striking fire from the hearts of the men drawing tears from the eyes of the women "—and breathing into both a desire to live as men and women, and not as beasts. In the words of one who has worked among these people—"the music of the singer's voice produced a more enduring impression with many than spoken words of counsel." There is room in our great cities for much kindly effort of this sort if the toilers are to have an opportunity of hearing good music.

> BUT let my due feet never fail To walk the studious cloister's pale, And love the high embowed roof, With antique pillars massy proof, And storied windows richly dight, Casting a dim religious light. There let the pealing organ blow,
> To the full-voic'd quire below,
> In service high, and anthems clear;
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes. .

From "Il Penseroso,"

A Russian Violin.

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

-:0:-CHAPTER III.

PHE autumn came, then winter. The long snowy nights, in which nothing broke silence, passed one after another by the bed on which lay Victor, become as white as the fields outside, as frail as the slender branches of the birch-trees, fluttering in the wind outside the window which faced him.

The only distraction of the poor being thus deprived of health and strength, was to listen to the sounds that his brother Demiane drew from a little violin, harsh but always tuneful. Extended on his back, nearly flat, his waxen hands stretched on the cover, his eyes lost in the grey air of the sullen winter, he allowed himself to be enchanted by the odd music of this unconscious artist. While Demiane, his eyebrows knitted with concentration on his work, tried with all his might to express the mystic beauty of the church bymns; while, with the audacity of those who do not know. he sought the third and fifth of the chords which he heard in his mind without suspecting the difficulty, trying again and again till he had found the melody he sought-Victor dreamed, meanwhile, of a thousand pleasures lost to him.

It was a forest, in springtime; lilies of the valley grew by thousands among the still scanty grass; the little thyrse plants, which smell like orange blossoms and are so incomparably charming, carpeted the dells where the roots of fir-trees had formerly been; the finches chattered, the blackbirds sang, and far off, on the border of the wood, the cuckoo, at regular intervals, made his melancholy call resound. It was good to skip about in the dead leaves of last autumn, to rebound upon the banks and run through the glades, springing over little bushes, and trunks beaten down by the winter's tempests. The sun gradually descended in the sky, and one sometimes forgot to return home; suddenly a red ray pierced through the great pine-trees, right down theredown there, half a league away—and passing our young vagabonds, shone in the depths of the forest upon the white trunk of a birch growing in the midst of the resinous trees.

"It is time to go home, high time, Demiane; we shall be scolded."

And they ran faster and faster, leaping along in the sunshine straight towards the house, under pretext of shortening their way, in reality to lengthen it a little; they arrive at the house-red, panting, out of breath, but no one cares for that; and the supper seems so good!

"Again, Demiane, again!" said Victor to his brother, who had stopped to examine the strings of his violin.

Demiane recommenced, and the dreams with him. It was autumn; the leaves were already falling, like pieces of gold scattered by a liberal Those who had guns went to the chase, but Father Kouzma's sons had no gun. Then they prepared strings, and bird decoys; they went to set them early in the morning, so that by the evening the birds would not fear them. It was on a slender branch, inflexible, that Victor had placed his best snare. From below one could not see it, thanks to the leaves still thick on that part. The young man ventured on the branch; it should have bent under his weight, but it did not; no doubt the wood was beginning to lose its pliability. Suddenly, a frightful crash was heard and a pitiful moan, and Victor, trembling from head to foot, woke and found himself on his bed.

"What has happened?" he asked, quite pale, of his brother, whose face darkened.

"I have broken my violin string," replied Demiane, sadly. "I shall be obliged to do without one till M. Roussof's return,"

Thus, deprived of his violin, Demiane passed the winter in trying to replace it by ingenious artifices, by means of the cords which he still had, and he learned all alone to overcome the difficulties which, under a master's eye, might have discouraged him.

However, Victor did not get up. His f.acture had long been healed, but an extraordinary weakness prevented his sitting up for more than a few minutes at a time. His features had altered, his face was sharpened; his eyes, formerly small and sunken, had grown strangely large; he was more beautiful than before, but his beauty was painful to

At last spring returned; the Roussof family arrived a little sooner than usual, and they had scarcely reached their home, when the doctor came to the priest's house.

Thewindow of the room where the two boys slept was open; he went towards it and was surprised to see a pair of melancholy black eyes regarding him with a resigned and mournful expression.

"I know those eyes," he said, "but-

He advanced, and Victor's voice, so feeble that it seemed to come from the dead, wished him "Goodmorning.'

"Ah! my poor boy!" he said, hastening to cross the threshold.

He examined the young man, made him rise, and forced him to stand up; the mother and father anxiously demanded why he so tormented their sick child; then he gently passed his hand from Victor's neck all down his back. The parents stifled a cry.

A slight protuberance was distinctly seen under the thin shirt, and displayed itself at its aperture. By a glance M. Roussof silenced the lamentations they would have given vent to. His eyes dilated, his face covered with tears, Demiane looked at his brother with an expression of the most tender pity.

"Do not trouble M. Roussof," said the young invalid. "I am a hunchback, am I not? For a long time I have known it! So many times when I was alone I have passed my hand over my back! And then that has made me so unhappy!

After the first explosion of grief, Father Kouzma addressed himself to the doctor:

"What shall we do? If he is deformed, my poor son, which God forbid! he can no longer be consecrated to the service of the Lord!"

The Church only accepts as clergymen those without physical defect.

"Well," said M. Roussof, "there is your successor!

He pointed to Demiane, who, his eyes still filled with the same horror, the same pity, had not ceased to regard his brother.

"You will be a priest in my place, will you not, Demiane?" said Victor in his soft and plaintive voice. "You will celebrate the divine office, and will carry in your hands the Holy of holies and enter the sacred door which leads to the tabernacle. I have often thought of it, my brother, and, do you know, I have scarcely regretted my accident, in thinking that you are handsomer, stronger, and more intelligent than I should ever have been.'

Will you be a priest?" asked M. Roussof, laying his hand affectionately on the young boy's head.
"I do not know," he replied. "Should I be able

to play the violin?"

At this question, which Father Kouzma's theology had not foreseen, every one stared at the other, a little surprised and unable to answer.

"Why not?" at last said M. Roussof. "King David danced before the ark accompanied by musical instruments! And, besides, he charmed with his harp King Saul's fury. I do not see why holy orders should interfere with the innocent pleasure of playing on the violin."

"Then I am quite willing to be a priest," said

Demiane in a submissive tone.

His father raised his right hand, and the young boy prostrated himself till his forehead touched the ground; the priest gave him his blessing, while his eyes moistened with bitter tears in thinking of the day when he had blessed his first-born, But he had learnt resignation during the sad autumn days. The mother also blessed her son, then Victor

signed for his brother to approach.

"They gave me at the school some holy images to protect me through my career: here, take them," he said, " they should belong to you!

He put over his brother's neck the little silk cord which supported some small objects of piety, and embraced him three times, then fell back upon his pillows with the happy but tired air of a conval-

"I am happy," he said, 'very happy! Demiane will be the man of the family. I shall never be but a helpless creature."

And his beautiful large eyes, spiritualized by suffering, enfolded his brother in a benediction as tender, more tender, than their mother's.

CHAPTER IV.

"You will go to the school, then?" inquired Benjamin Roussof of Demiane, who was trying to make a kind of rustic guitar with some white "Do you think they will permit you to play wood. music? Will you take your balalaika with you?

The young boy contemplated the work of his inexperienced hands, then continued to carve the wood with his penknife.

"I do not know," he said; "if I may not take it I will give it to you."

"Just so," said young Roussof with an energetic "I quite thought you would give it to me. And your brother, has he one?"

"No; Victor likes music very well when I play it to him, but he never plays himself."

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"How does he amuse himself, then?" "He listens to me."

Benjamin appeared to think that insufficient, It was not he who would let a new balalaika slip through his fingers! Never mind what discords he drew from it, he persecuted it without mercy, valuing the sounds for their quantity more than their quality. Nevertheless, he drew from his pocket a little packet which he showed his companion mysteriously.

"Do you know what it is?" he said, with an

important air.

" No; it is very small." "Guess!"

"Let me feel it." He put out two fingers, pressed the paper, and blushed with pleasure. "Some cords!" he cried.

"Yes, some cords! some new cords for your violin."

"I broke my violin string in Lent," said Demiane, overcome with joy. "Well, if I am allowed to take my balalaika, I will make another for yourself. What put this idea into your head?"

"Papa. I asked him what I should bring you for a present these holidays. I am not rich, you know, I could not afford more than fifty kopeks; he told me that some violin strings would give you more pleasure than anything in the world.

"Your father is good," said Demiane gravely. He reflected an instant, then continued to make wood shavings with fresh activity.

It was very warm; the middle of July nearly always brought storms, which the ignorant attributed to the chariot of the prophet Elijah passing through the heavens on the anniversary of his fête, which fell on the 18th. The air was heavy, and if our young people did not perceive anything of it, Victor-scarcely recovered enough from his terrible fall to stand up and walk about with the aid of a stick-felt quite shattered.

Seated on the grass a few paces from his comrades, under the protecting shelter of an enormous beech, isolated on the lawn of the manorial garden, he seemed to seek refreshment in the turf itself, and plunged his face in the thick clusters of a hardy shrub.

"And you, Victor," said Benjamin, who could not remain silent for more than a minute, "what will you do when your brother is gone away?"

"I shall wait till he returns," replied Victor,

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always resigned. "He waited for me when I went to the school.

"And Paracha? What does she say to the change?

Prascovie Markof, thus familiarly called by the diminutive of her name, scarcely concerned herself with what happened around her. She was a young girl of nineteen years, serious, positive, absorbed in calculations and hopes known only to herself, and who had but one idea in the world: to get married as advantageously as possible. Unfortunately her father had no dowry to give her, and girls without dowry are difficult to marry in all European latitudes, and even in some others.

"Paracha says nothing at all; it is all the same to her. She sews her chemises," replied Demiane. Benjamin remained pensive. To sew chemises appeared to him a very limited ideal, but perhaps he knew little of the mysteries of the trousseau; he did not know that in order to make the linen which she brings to her husband, a priest's daughter would willingly pass the half of her time.

A tall young girl, of about twenty years, crossed the lawn, directing her steps towards the young

people.
"Mamma asks if you will playa little music?" she said to Demiane.

Her kind look and smile were addressed more to Victor than his brother; these Roussof children were full of kindness, like their parents, and this compassionate kindness, since the accident, was shown more particularly to the poor invalid.

"Come!" cried Demiane, who ran on in front with Benjamin, while Mdlle. Roussof walked more slowly by the side of Victor, who dragged himself painfully along with the aid of a stick.

As they approached the drawing-room, the wellknown sounds of a sonata for piano and violin reached their ears, and they stopped to listen

Demiane played on his puny instrument with an astonishing address. His fantastic fingering dreamed not of the rules of the art; the p'aying might not even have found grace in a master's ears; but a savage sentiment, spirited, passionate, bore the infant musician beyond the realistic world. the mediocre piano, the poor violin, the music difficult to read and difficult to play. After ten measures of complete spluttering, a melodious phrase was produced. Demiane drew it from his bow and carried it to heights where the composer himself had not disdained to recognize it.

"Let us sit down here, we shall hear very well, and it will not be so hot," said Mdlle. Roussof, pointing to a seat placed under the drawing-room windows.

They seated themselves in silence and listened for some time. At times when the discord between the two instruments approached a veritable quarrel Mme. Roussof stopped it short. "Let us recommence," she said in her tranquil voice; and Demiane, mortified by this rebuke, turned over the intricate page and played it more slowly.

It was these patient lessons which had formed the inborn talent of the boy. Without them, he would only have been an ordinary violinist; thanks to this almost maternal education, he felt himself becoming an artist, while his character became more pliable, and his manners gradually more refined than those of his equals.

Agrippine Roussof, whom her relations and friends familiarly called Groucha, turned towards

her lame companion.

"It goes well!" she said, smiling.

"You think so?" said Victor, timidly responding with a smile.

"He has made much progress since last summer.

He has the making of an artist in him." Victor's eyes sparkled with pride, but this soon

passed, and he sighed.

"Of what use will that be to him when he is a

priest?" he asked sadly.
"It will be always useful, if it were only for the good thoughts that music produces! Does it not seem to you sometimes like a prayer? And in church, could one pray half as well if the choir did not sing any hymns

"Yes, certainly," replied Victor with some hesitation; "to sing, that is permissible, but the violin I have never heard of a priest who played on the violin."

Very well, Demiane will be the first!" said Groucha.

This amiable girl, if she had a motto, would certainly have hoisted it over her flag-" All for the best!" But her optimism was not content with declaring that all is perfect under the sun; she worked without ceasing, with heart and clever hands, to better what she declared excellent. Aided by her parents, whose liberality and charitableness knew no limit except the comparative smallness of their incomes, she had thus become a visible providence, smiling and peaceful, from whom emanated a reanimating kindness on all the beings, large and small, who suffered around her.

Victor, seeing her absorbed in listening to a favourite Adagio, dared to glance at her white facemore touching than beautiful, more amiable than regular-of which the principal charm was the clearness of the dark grey eyes, soft and large, which, without knowing why, in the presence of this young girl, made one think of the pictures of Charity holding two children in her arms.

This calm face, these cheeks tinted with a delicate rose, this charming figure, neither too slender nor too stout, but beautiful to the eye as a morning in May, had always presided over the destinies of Victor. As a little boy, when he was not good, they threatened that he should not play with Mdlle. Roussof. She, grave as a child, taking advantage of her three years' seniority over her playfellow, gave him a little lecture, accepted his promises not to do it again, and finished up with a doll's dinner and not a few sweetmeats.

It was thus, by a moral as well as a material ascendant, that Groucha had assumed a preponderant place in her young friend's life. He respected her so much that, on his own part, he called her Mdlle. Roussof, and never permitted himself to call her Groucha, from the time when he was six or seven years old. He scarcely knew what to call the sentiment he felt for her: this moving and confiding tenderness, this security when beside her, and despondency when far from her-why should one give a name to these delicious impressions? In defining them, one robs them of the velvet of the peach, the satin of the petals of the white jessamine. These things are felt, are guessed, and not expressed.

One day, however, some months before the accident which had terminated his career, Victor had had a lightning-flash in his mind, which had revealed to him, if he had wished it, something more explicit. His father and mother spoke before him of his future, the sacrifices which he had cost them, and, quite naturally, the future marriage of the young aspirant to the apostleship was introduced.

"Must I marry, then?" asked Victor, rather sharply.

You knew that from the cradle!" replied his mother. "One would say that you dreamt of it now for the first time."

"I have heard," she said, turning towards Father Kouzma, "of the second daughter of the priest of Berzorka; she will have money, and she is only eleven years old. We must become friendly with these people, in order that the marriage may be easily arranged when that boy is old enough."

Victor made no reply, and left his parents to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the bargain-for it was nothing else. A great repugnance had seized him all at once at the thought of this girl eleven years old, whom he did not know, whom not one of his family knew, of whom they had spoken as an object to acquire. His repugnance was extended to the idea of the marriage in itself, and, as he was a reflective boy, he asked himself, why this new and extraordinary sentiment? "To leave this parish!" he said, feeling heart-broken; "that would be dreadful!" Then he said to himself that he would not quit

the parish, but, on the contrary, would bring his

young wife to it.
"If she should be displeasing to the Roussof family !" thought he, with a little shivet.

He seemed to see the grey eyes of Mdlle. Roussof turned towards the newly married with the calm disdain which expressed her extreme

displeasure.
"Never!" he said to himself; "never a wife who is displeasing to Mdlle. Roussof."

Instead of solving this dangerous problem, he devoted himself to chasing the little birds, and so alas! happened his accident. It was with a kind of joy that he had seen the honours and prosperity, due to the eldest of the family, passed over to his brother.

"I shall never marry the priest of Berzorka's daughter," he had said to himself; "I shall never marry at all! Who would wish for a wretched hunchback like myself?"

And these reflections, far from saddening him, had lent a new serenity to his existence. It was then, with a sentiment of modesty and timidity, very natural near a person so imposing, that he looked up at Groucha and gave himself up to the pleasure of contemplating this sweet reposeful face. But she did not perceive Victor's admiration; her eyes fixed on a cluster of white rose-trees, which she certainly did not see, she dreamed while listening to the Adagio, and her dream took a melancholy form, for her mouth became sorrowful, and her chestnut eyelashes drooped upon her slightly paled

"It is beautiful, is it not?" said Victor softly, who would have made, never mind what sacrifice, to have a first glance from her.

She replied by a sign of the head, and remained mute, absorbed by her musings. The sound of distant thunder drowned a delicate planissimo, executed inside by the two instruments; then the music swelled louder.

"Of what are you thinking, mademoiselle?" replied Victor, incapable of keeping his question

She blushed slightly, then smiled.

"Of a thousand things far away," she said, " Far away !

She indicated with her hand the threatening clouds which were rapidly approaching them.
"More distant than the storm," said the young

girl, with the same rather melancholy smile. The rumblings of thunder drew near them, and

the last echo appeared to die over the house. "They are playing the piano," said Victor, a little nervous; "should they not be warned of the

thunder? They do not hear it perhaps.",
"The storm will pass," said Groucha; "wait a

The sonata continued within, but Victor, in silence, opened and shut his feverish hands. A universal superstition in Russia, and which is held by the highest as well as the lowest classes, forbids the playing of music during a storm; it seemed as though the audacious performer would brave the: crash of the thunderbolt, and struggle with the power of God thus manifested. The Roussof family did not share this prejudice, but submitted to it, in order not to shock their dependents, or even their equals, less delivered than themselves from the fetters of superstition.

A vivid flash came across our friends' eyes, and made them rise precipitately from their rustic seat, while the noise of the thunder deafened them. They covered their ears with their hands and entered the drawing room as quickly as possible. where Mme. Roussof and Demiane continued their Allegro interrupted by all this fracas. Only, when the sky became very dark, they had lighted the candles, and it was by this artificial light that they continued their studies.

"Mamma," said Groucha softly, with a smile, which excused all her weaknesses and showed her,

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mother the necessity of all her concessions-"it thunders very heavily."

"Demiane," said Victor, still trembling with emotion, and a little with anger, at the sight of his younger brother's coolness—"it thunders! how can you play the violin?"

We will wait till the storm is finished," said Mme. Roussof, rising tranquilly, "and then we will

recommence."

"What a nuisance!" grumbled Demiane, vexed at being interrupted in the middle of his work: "what does it matter whether it thunders or not?

"It is the prophet Elijah walking above!" said M. Roussof, who had just entered; for it is the characteristic of a storm to bring into the same apartment all the inhabitants of a house, much in. the same way as the sheep, who group themselves in a heap at the first flash of lightning.

"What does it matter to me, the prophet

Elijah!" grumbled the young rebel.

"O Demiane!" cried Victor, quite scandalized Another flash, less vivid, crossed the leaden sky; they all made the sign of the cross, except M. Roussof, who continued to glance at the assembly tranquilly, and perhaps a little mockingly. After they had waited a little, and the storm appeared to clear, the musicians made for the piano; the sonata was resumed, but Victor had not the same pleasure n listening to it, nor the others in playing it. After the first movement, all declared themselves fatigued, and each returned to his or her occupation.

While Victor walked with his brother towards their humble dwelling, not without reproaching him with his indifference in regard to the thunder, M. Roussof stopped his wife in the hall, as she was going to look in the kitchen.

"If Demiane is ever a priest," he said, "I know

some one who will be very surprised !"

"You do not think that he has the vocation for it?" asked Mme. Roussof, without appearing astonished. Nothing ever astonished any one in this family.

M. Roussof laughed quietly, and concluded in the manner of a peroration to a speech, which he

had kept for himself-

"They have both missed their vocation-Victor in not being a priest, and Demiane in preparing himself to become one. But the young rascal has not yet pronounced his vows, and Providence has unfathomable ways."

"And you, do you feel disposed to come to his

ail?" asked Mme. Roussof.

Her husband nodded his head affirmatively: after which, they exchanged a smile and parted, each going his and her own way.

CHAPTER V.

DEMIANE entered the seminary, however, and passed there a whole scholastic year. He had taken in his trunk some books and his precious violin; but the rare letters which he wrote to his parents mentioned neither the one nor the other; moreover, the fate of these objects interested the priest and his wife infinitely less than that of the shirts and stockings which they would have to replace.

The year ended, Demiane returned, and every one found him much changed. His childish gaiety returned only by fits and starts; his temper had become as gloomy as his countenance. He had not succeeded in bending his body to the sedate walk of his comrades; from brusque and impetuous, he had become awkward and clumsy.

"He is no credit to us!" said Mme. Roussof to her husband, when the young man had made them his first visit on returning.

"It is an ungrateful age!" replied the philosopher.

"He is seventeen and a half years old, and he ought not to be so big. What will he do with his arms next year, if this year he is already so awkward with them?'

"God will provide!" replied the sceptical doctor. "And the music, have you spoken together of it?"

"He has not pretended to listen. I believe that he has had some scene at the seminary."

" Make him recount it."

"He would not; but Groucha will try to get it out of Victor."

"Power of Machiavelism!" said Roussof tranquilly. "When you have found it out, you will tell me."

" Certainly."

"Alas! if an upset really happened at the seminary."

At first, Demiane's books had disappeared and not returned, because all profane reading is useless in an asylum consecrated solely to the study of holy books. The young man would have consoled himself for this vexation, if another, much more serious, had not succeeded it.

After having spoken, Demiane finding himself one day with an hour at his own disposal, went into his cell, unwrapped his precious violin, and, after having tuned it, was eager to assure himself that it had lost none of its beauties or defects.

To be in keeping with the walls of so venerable a place, he commenced by playing a Church hymn; immediately the heads of some curious comrades appeared at the corridor door.

What are you doing?" demanded the boldest.

"I am playing the violin, as you see."

"Has the Father Superior given you permission?"

"No. Does one need permission?"

"I do not know."

A Father Inspector arrived in the meanwhile. and the same dialogue was repeated word for word.

A little amazed, the Father Inspector went to the Father Superior, to whom he reported what he had just heard. The latter became buried in meditation, and implored light of the Holy Spirit.

Now, every one knows that the Holy Spirit never refuses light to those that implore it, and the reason of this condescension is easy to understand; each, imploring help from above in his conscience, is sole judge relatively of the moment chosen by the light to be produced; one applies this to his theories and his needs; after which, one thanks Providence for it. The thing is thus practised in all latitudes, and even longitudes explored up to the present, from the Redskin consulting his Manitou to the Reverend Father of the seminary of Z-

When this worthy personage had received from Heaven the supply of light which he had asked, or imagined that he had received it-which is exactly the same thing-he sent for Demiane-"With the object which he has introduced into our establishment," added the brave man.

Demaine and "the object" arrived, the first carrying the second, and the following dialogue astonished the walls of the seminary:

"What is that?" demanded the Superior.

"Reverend Father, it is my violin."
"What do you do with it?"

" Music."

His Reverence reflected a moment.

'Let me see," he said.

Demaine let him "see," or rather hear, and played-for he was cunning-a pious hymn, with all desirable slowness and unction.

'Hem!" said the Superior. stroking his beard. Hem! that is not bad. Who gave you that?"

"M. Roussof, the lord of our village."

"A noble?"

"Yes, Reverend Father, a noble."

"He holds office in the State?"

"No, Reverend Father, he is a doctor."

"Ah! he is a doctor, and he has given you

Demiane thought that the Reverend Father Superior concealed his lights under a thick covering of real humility or affected ignorance-unless the adjective of the one really belonged to the other, and reciprocally; but he respectfully held his tongue.

"It is with violins that one makes people dance,

is it not?" demanded the Superior.

"Yes, my Reverend Father, and with many other instruments."

"Hum!" said the dignitary, "that may be. But the violin is not a canonical instrument; no mention of it is made in the Scriptures. Thus the trumpet is spoken of in the Scriptures: it was to the sound of trumpets that the walls of Jericho fell. The harp is a canonical instrument: the holy King David had an affection for it during the whole of his life; but in no part is mention made of the violin.

Demaine listened, pressing to his heart the noncanonical instrument which he felt menaced

"You will not touch this instrument while you remain in our midst," said the Superior; "and I must even beg you to leave it in my hands. When you return to your family, I shall give it back to you; at present it will only distract you from your studies and the destiny which awaits you."

Demaine, excited by the greatness of the peril, had a stroke of genius.

"I am ready to obey, my Reverend Father," he said. "But permit me to show you that all the sound of my violin rests in the strings that are there. I will give you the strings; but I beg you permit me to keep the violin."

While speaking he had removed the cords and laid them before the Superior.

Why do you value so much this piece of wood?" he asked, frowning with a suspicious air.

Demiane blushed, for he was about to tell nearly a lie; but he must save his dear treasure.

"Excuse me, my Reverend Father," he said. "When my brother was very ill, I played to him some of our Church hymns; he could no longer attend the services, and my violin gave him pleasure: it was his only consolation."

The excellent man allowed himself to be overcome by this simple argument.
"Keep the wood," he said, "and give me the

strings. But you must not play any more !

"Since I am leaving the strings with your Grace," said the happy Demiane, hypocritically.

He received the blessing of his Grace, and fled into his cell. At night, when all in the seminary snored, he drew from a hiding-place the strings which Benjamin Roussof had given him, and adjusted them to his violin; then tried their sound under his sheets, his head buried in the bed, for fear of losing it.

He kept his treasure, but he could not make use of it. This Tantalus' torment made him morose. Then, one day while he was alone, the idea occurred to him of exercising the fingers of his left hand without making use of his bow. By this mute playing he acquired great ease of fingering, and his memory, being no longer guided by the ear, gained an extraordinary development.

But everything was distasteful to him at the seminary; he had entered there too late not to remark the defects of this kind of education, and, moreover, grown up in liberty like a wild young horse, the bridle and the bit of rule appeared to him intolerable.

The depth of resignation which accompanies in the Russian the most apparent and even the most real indiscipline, made Demiane endure those things which had decided a Francis to leap over the walls without turther delay; but when he returned home, he carried there a sort of morose resolution to endure no longer what disgusted him so much.

This resolution was not one which he could nnounce to his father any fine evening after dinner. He must take precautions, and above all find allies. As to precautions, that was possible, in spite of Demiane's inexperience; but allies-where should he find them? The young man's heart beat loudly the first time he touched upon this subject with his brother.

It was a superb evening, and the moon was reflected in the pond with a charm that might content all the poets on the globe. The frogs, which are as essential to a Russian pond as the banks which enclose it, croaked with that admirable effect which every one has noticed. Have the frogs known as long, perhaps longer than modern musicians, how to make a science of composition? From the most

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remote antiquity, these harmonious batrachians have grouped their solos and their choruses with a wisdom and an elegance that very few operas offer us to-day. May it not be the well-balanced measure of their nocturnal hymns which inspired the ancient Greeks with the refrains of choruses and plaintive rhythms of their masterly works? I defy whoever has listened on a beautiful summer night to the croaking of a single frog, with suitable surroundings and with eloquent pianos and crescendos, full of majesty, not to think of some masterpiece of modern art, such as the "Benediction des Poignards"-in due proportion, however, and speaking with reverence.

Demiane's mind was filled with secret anxiety; the strange friendship, almost morbid, which his brother felt for him made him hope for efficacious co-operation. But, on the other hand he knew Victor's weaknesses, his fears, due no doubt to his early education—and of which he himself had shaken free, one hardly knows how, in living alone in the wood nearly always, and the

rest of the time with his violin.

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You love me?" he said, throwing his arm round the invalid's neck, while they were seated on a bench, at the end of their father's garden, quite near the grassy bank.

"How I love you! Ah! my poor Demiane, all the winter I have scarcely lived without you; I can remember nothing since you left for the

The young scholar affectionately pressed his

"You would not see me unhappy, would you?"

"Certainly not! but why should you beunhappy?"
Demiane collected himself, then in a firm but purposely modulated voice-

Victor," he said, " I do not wish to be a priest.' His brother started suddenly and made the sign of the cross.

"What! you have lost your senses, Demiane. What have you said?"

"I do not wish to be-I will not be-a priest," repeated Demiane with the same firmness.

"May God protect us and His saints! The Evil Spirit has turned your head! Recover your-self, my brother! Why would you resist the Lord's will ?"

"It is not the Lord's will that I should be a priest, Victor, or He would not have put into my heart this mad love of music; or the fathers of the seminary would not have forbidden me to play the If I had been permitted to play music, I should have, perhaps, made a good priest, not worse than others; but they forbade it. I wish to play the violin—yes, I wish it—or I shall become wicked, and I shall do harm to every one."

"Silence, Demiane, silence! Suppose any one

heard you!" said Victor, terrified.

"Very well, let them hear me! I must tell them some day; I will never embrace a career in which I may not play the violin. And what harm is there in loving music? Is not the mind full of good thoughts, full almost to weeping, when one plays some beautiful piece?

"That is true: she said that music is like a prayer," said Victor musingly.
"Who is that? She has said well!"

"Mdlle. Roussof," murmured the young man, ashamed to have spoken with so little respect of so admirable a creature

"She is good; she will help me with all her might "replied Demiane, without paying any attention to his elder brother's confusion. "She can understand one loving music better than anything else in the world! And her mother and her father! They will help me."

Victor shook his head in a doubtful way.

"What are you going to do, then?" he asked in his practical way.

"I wish to play the violin."

"And then?"

"That is all! Is not that enough?"

"But that is not a career," observed Victor. "One plays the violin for pleasure, as the Roussofs play the piano. But the remainder of the time-what will you do ?."

"You do not understand!" said Demiane impatiently; "I wish to be a violinist. I shall give concerts; people will pay to hear me, and I shall gain a great deal of money."

"Gain money?" said Victor, who was not convinced.

"Prodigiously!"

Silence ensued; the frogs themselves momentarily ceased their concert; our friends reflected each in his way during this lull.

"Father would not allow it !" said Victor, as finishing his meditation.

Demiane made no denial. Evidently, Father Kouama would not consent to see his son devote all his time to music. The astonishing part was that he had allowed it so far; but his excuse was that he considered the violin almost like a lathe or a joiner's bench-one of those useful playthings that are given to children as New Year gifts. The noise of the violin had not disturbed him so much as that of a saw or plane would have done, and certainly much less than that of a hammer on nails in the sonorous wood.

"Still," replied the elder, "if you wish to enter into the Government, the service of the State, and succeed there, perhaps father would consent."

"No," said Demiane energetically, "I will not enter the employ of the Government.

"But to begin with?" insinuated Victor.

"Why to begin with?"

"Then you would not return to the seminary!" timidly suggested this young Machiavel.

This idea was wise enough; but how to put it into execution?

"One must, moreover, have a position!" said Demiane, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes. I can ask him that. But still, will father consent?"

"Perhaps," said Victor, feigning a hope which he did not feel.

And then, if he refuses -- so much the worse!

"You will return to the seminary?"

"I shall take to my heels."

Victor shuddered with horror, and in spite of his courage our conspirator looked around him; but they were quite alone -alone with the frogs, who burst forth with a triumphal hymn in honour of this daring resolve.

(To be continued.)

" That Haunting Minor Strain."

O far as I can recollect, my first acquaintance with Joan Michie began at one of our students' concerts at the R.A.M., when, after my violin solo, as I was standing trembling with excitement and feeling vaguely conscious of having done well, she came up to me and said, in a voice low, but full of enthusiasm-

"There was a soul not of earth in your fiddle just now; if I could play like that I would never want to sing again.'

And I answered just as impulsively-

"To have your voice I would burn my fiddle to-morrow!

At that moment I meant what I said, for I had been listening to her singing one of Schubert's songs, and heard the storm of applause evoked by her exquisite voice, perfect method and power of expression. My instrument might charm, but it was not part of me-away from it I felt a commonplace mortal enough-while she had that lovely voice ever at command. And it was a beautiful voice indeed, a soprano of rare quality and timbre with a strange sympathetic power in it that-to

use an inelegant phrase of my brother Frank's-"would make the skin of your head feel tight;" meaning to express, I suppose, that singular sensation one experiences now and then, as if some random note had found its harmonic on one's spinal cord. From that evening Joan and I became friends, and loved and appreciated each other, as I trust we shall do now to the end of our lives. I know there is only one person in the world whose good opinion I value more than Joan's, and I believe there is only one whose good opinion she values more than mine. The names of these fortunate "persons" (strange to say, they are both men), will appear presently.

My name, by the by, is Kate Berring, generally called Kassie, and I lived, at the time I am speaking of, with my brother, who had lately taken our father's place in a firm of lawyers not unknown in the West End, keeping his house (a very small one) to the best of my ability, and studying music

We lived very quietly. Frank had his heart in his career, and mine was divided between him and my fiddle, but he had the largest share. I will not enter into any detailed description of Frank, because on that subject I believe I am more or less a maniac: I will only say that he is the best brother in the world, and so handsome! Six feet high, and dark—with such eyes! I once thought him the most splendid fellow living, but now— I must not foreclose; enough to say that I have only seen fit to alter one of my opinions about Frank-he is still just as good, and good-looking, but some one else is more so-that's all.

I soon found out from Joan that she was not very happy. Like ourselves, she was an orphan, and she lived with an uncle and aunt whose one idea was to get rid of her. They were trying now to marry her to a man she detested, and made her miserable by constant allusions to her dependence on them, and her age (just twenty-five), which they mpressed on her was the very verge of absolute spinsterhood. "Sometimes I feel that I cannot bear it much longer," she would say to me, with tears in those grey, black-lashed eyes that had such an irresistible charm in them, "if I could only see my way clear to carning an independent living I would leave them for ever; but you know, Kussie, that the little my father left when his debts were all paid, is barely enough to clothe me, and I am too old not to know what difficulties there are in the path of a girl trying to fight her way alone in the

It was not long after she had said those words that an opportunity did present itself by which she could escape the taunts and hard bondage of her relatives. Signor Ravanci, her singing master, who had long taken great interest in her, offered to bring her out in London free of expense, and pro-phesied success. His wife, a dear little grey-headed lady who had never been a singer, but always longed to be, took a violent fancy to Joan, and, knowing something of the circumstances, offered her the chance of boarding with them and chaperonage when necessary. Such an opportunity could hardly be refused, and in less than a year after I first got to know her, Joan Trafford Michie, under the title of "Miss Joan Trafford," appeared on the platform at a high-class London concert, to win well-carned laurels, which brought her as many engagements as the most aspiring débutante could expect or hope for. How I used to envy her as I sat listening to her pure thrilling notes, and watched her face flushed with excitement and all alight with intelligence, as with chin slightly forward she hushed her voice and her audience to the pathos of her words, or with a ringing head-note woke the echoes of the place.

And one day I played an obbligate for her, thus sharing a triumphant encore. Through her I managed to get a few engagements, and generally succeeded in pleasing the public; but something, some "divine spark," was wanting to make me such a name as Miss Jean Trefford eccn wen

without apparent effort.

Then, of course, Frank fell in love with her. I might have guessed he would, but did not; and when he said to me one night, as we were sitting talking together in our "snuggery"—"Kassie, I wonder—er—do you think Joan hates me very much?" I was quite taken aback.

"What makes you ask such a question?" I inquired breathlessly.

"Because if she doesn't absolutely abhor me, I think I shall try my luck!"

"My dear boy, what do you mean? Try your luck!-how, when, and where?"

Then it all came out—that he loved her and would do anything to win her. I knew all her secrets, had he any chance, &c. &c.?

At first I was jealous. Yes, I owned to it; but on after thoughts I was delighted. Could I wish for a sweeter or more sympathetic sister than Joan? And I must not expect to be always first with my brother; so I swallowed my pangs and told him that, so far as I knew, Joan had a very good opinion of him, and she was always rather quiet before him (which I took as a sure sign of love), and the only affair of the heart she had ever known was one which happened very early in her girlhood, and which, if not forgotten, had certainly no hold upon her now.

All these assurances seemed to greatly comfort him, and I believe he proposed to Joan next day on the strength of them; anyhow I was called upon to embrace her as my future sister-in-law, and I did it with great pleasure and satisfaction.

We were a happy trio, and used to spend some delightful evenings in music together. Frank could sing and play fairly well for an amateur, and when he sang duets with Joan I used to accompany them with eyes fixed steadfastly on the music. But I need not have troubled—they didn't mind me any more than if I had been an automaton and part of the piano. One evening Frank had not yet come in, and we girls were sitting together over a cup of tea, after Joan had been singing at a matinée. It was one of the first hot days which always seem so overpowering, and Joan looked pale and tired. I remarked on the fact.

"So would you if you had to sing in a stuffy room to a lot of stuffy people," she said with a languid laugh. "I feel strange to-day—tired of everybody and everything;" and she stretched herself out with hands behind her head in one of our most comfortable "Americans," and closed her eyes.

"Thanks, dear; then you are tired of me; but don't—don't say I am one of the 'stuffy' people, will you!"

She rose and came to me, taking my face in her hands. "I should never be tired of you, and you are never "stuffy," she said, with a little un strung thrill in her voice that sounded suggestive of tears although she laughed; and, after putting a kiss on my lips, she strolled to the piano and sat down.

I always liked to listen to Joan's playing. It was not brilliant, bat, like herself, full of grace and a certain delicate charm that defied description. Now she began to play Bennett's "Lake," and its smooth placid beauty lost nothing under her fingers. She wandered off from that to other things—snatches of melody, or a few broken chords, while I listened dreamily and half asleep, the warm air blowing in at the open window from the street outside.

Suddenly I became aware that she was going slowly over and over again a strange fragment of minor melody which I seemed to have heard before in my dreams. I roused myself to listen; where had I heard it?—it was quite familiar to me.

"What is that, Joan?" I asked presently. She

"What is that, Joan?" I asked presently. She started and turned round to look at me; there was a queer look in her eyes.

"I don't know," she said, and we were both silent for a minute.

Then I asked her to play it again, which she did, this time with more energy, and I noticed that she altered some of the chords, and tried to

finish neatly, but broke down in uncertain waverings—the strain seemed to have no end.

She turned her back on the piano and clasped both hands nervously on her knees.

"Is it not unaccountable?" she sail, between tight lips and eyes so fixed they looked almost wild. "For years—I can't remember how long—that curious minor strain has floated in my brain, and do what I will I can neither finish it or recollect where I first heard it. Whenever I am a little out of sorts—over excited, over tired, or depressed, the dreadful thing comes into my head and I can hear it through everything—with its hateful minor, hopeless, endlessness. I believe it will drive me mad some day."

I gazed at her in shocked astonishment, never having seen my dear girl in such a strange taking before. She looked as if her fear of madness might have some foundation—so unnatural was her whole air and manner. It flashed across me then where I had heard the mysterious melody (if such a fragment could be so called)—Joan was always humming it—probably quite unconsciously—and so I had become familiar with its haunting notes.

I soon managed to laugh off her vapours, and rallied her on being a victim to sensational superstition. We talked for a long time, until Frank came in, and then by tacit consent we changed the subject. I could see she did not want him to know she had been so foolish. All the same, that wretched tune haunted me terribly afterwards, and I got almost as nervous as Joan over it. worst of it was if she caught me humming it she looked so horror-stricken that I felt quite guilty, and a sudden stop only made matters worse. One day, Frank hearing me trying to make an end of it on my fiddle, asked what it was, and I positively turned quite pale and speechless at the question, which I knew not how to answer, and had to dart out of the room on some false pretext for fear he should see my agitation.

You may imagine the horrible weirdness of the notes that could make such an impression on a tolerably matter-of-fact young woman. I cannot describe the effect any more than I can analyze the cause of it.

Joan was beginning to look very poorly. The increasing heat and her numerous engagements were beginning to tell on her, and she was not very robust ever.

Frank got very anxious: he wanted her to marry him directly, but she did not wish for any hurry. "You know, Kassie dear," she said one day when we were having a "private and confidential' together in her little sitting room—"you knowyou will believe that it is not because I cannot give up my public life with all its triumphs and excitements, that I am in no haste to be married. Although when I am well in health and spirits, I enjoy myself and feel pleasure in my professional engagements, yet there are times when I long to be free from it all-the sawdust and the ringhave my own home and domestic life-and Frank. But then I look round at other married people and see-What? If not absolute quarelling and bickering, at least ennui and indifference, and I fear to put an end to the sweetest season of my lifecourting time.

I smiled. Joan had a quaint way of expressing herself sometimes.

"Why should you paint such a dreadful picture of wedded life?" I asked, "surely you know some supremely happy married folk: I do. And I can speak with some experience of Frank; he is a good brother and will make a good husband; we never quarrel—he and I—nor do we feel any weariness of each other. I am sure I am right in speaking for him as well as for myself. If he has not tired of me, he certainly can never have too much of you. Why, he worships you!"

"And for that reason expects me ever to pose as a saint or goddess. I know what it is, Kassie, the more extravagant the love, the greater the fall thereof when the idol is shattered, and the man

finds that, instead of an angel, he has married something a little lower, who does not even understand the ordering of a "nice little dinner," or how to make the most of his money. Don't think I am distrusting Frank—it is myself I fear. I am an uninteresting creature behind the scenes, and I can just picture Frank hurrying off to his Club at night, leaving me in a lonely house with nothing but gloomy thoughts—and—that awful tune."

I felt something like a shiver pass over me as I looked at her. Could it be possible those few bars of melody were preying on her mind and making her morbid and irritable! It almost seemed so

Just then, happily, our thoughts were diverted by the entrance of Signor Ravanci, followed by a stranger.

"May I, my dearest Miss Trafford, present to you Mr. Ford Lowe, whose name is I know familiar to you, and who has begged for the honour of an introduction?"

And a tall young man with eyes like halfpenny postage stamps for blueness, came forward to receive Joan's smile of welcome and proffered handshake, as she said pleasantly, with no trace of her former manner—

"Familiar! I should think it is familiar, considering that for the last two or three months one has heard of scarcely anything else but Mr. Ford Lowe and his brilliantly successful opera! Allow me to congratulate you, and also to introduce my friend, Miss Berring, the violinist, whom no doubt you have heard of."

Poor Mr. Lowe murmured something about "certainly, of course, great pleasure, &c.," and I felt sorry for him, as he was evidently unaccustomed to "squaring it with veracity." He was soon plunged into earnest conversation with Joan, and between the pauses of a desultory chat with the Signor, I had opportunities of privately registering my opinion of the fortunate young American composer who had lately made such a stir in musical circles.

"Clever young fellow," the Italian was saying in an undertone; "he has more than talent, he has genius. Why, the way he has worked out the orchestral parts alone places him in the first rank of his art, and there is an originality that is most rare breathing through the whole work. Not to mention"-here he was interrupted by Joan speaking to me: "Mr. Lowe is kind enough to offer us a box on Thursday night, the next performance of his opera, Kassie; is it not good of him? You must help me to thank him." We were both indeed delighted, as we had particularly wished to hear the new production (it had only been performed once before in England), and fortunately. had no engagements for that night. After more thanks and exchange of compliments (principally between Joan and the American-he had heard her sing and wished to secure her for his opera, as it afterwards appeared) he said "Good-by," and took himself off.

The following Thursday we found ourselves— Joan, the Signor, Frank and I—at the Royal Opera House, waiting impatiently for the overture to begin.

"You must be sure to listen for the leitmotif, the Signor was saying impressively; "they say it is most subtle and suggestive, with a quaint original rhythm that fixes itself on the memory. It precedes always the "Suake Charmer" (the title rôle), and some think it is taken from an old Indian death chant, but —."

He stopped, for the music had begun. Dreamy, sensuous, it reminded one powerfully of Lotuseaters and the East. But so sweet—painfully, sweet, I thought; it seemed to drag at one's heart and make it ache. Gradually the first morement was lost in broken harmonies and clashes of barbaric instrumentation; then it melted down into a slow rocking tempo, and a fresh subject began to make itself heard softly among the strings. Slowly it stole upon our senses and through them to our minds. Joan and I started,

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and looked at one another with parted lips and

It was the same unearthly snatch of melody that had termented my friend in such a mysterious manner for so long!

PART II.

I soon got over the queer sensation into which the discovery that the "Snake Charmer's" leitmotif was identical with the curious fragment of air which puzzled us, had thrown me; but Joan did

All through the opera she sat distraite, and, although facing the stage, seemed hardly to know what was passing thereon. I could see her thoughts were working painfully, and she had a dazed look that distressed me very much. Every time the weird notes struck upon her ear she gave a little shiver and looked across at me appealingly. At last we had to take her home, before the opera was more than half over, in a condition of helpless inertion almost approaching a faint, only that Joan never fainted. Her nervous organization was thoroughly unstrung, and she was not herself again for several days. I lectured her gravely upon allowing an undisciplined imagination to be too easily played upon (carefully concealing my own eerie feeling about the mysterious tune), and I think with good effect. Anyhow we both agreed that the subject should be dropped between us, and Joan should try her very best to forget all about it.

During the weeks that followed some sort of an estrangement seemed to come between my friend and me. I am afraid it began with me, for I got rather displeased with her on one or two occasions, and could not help showing it. The fact of the matter was Ford Lowe became very friendly with her, and they were always meeting—either at concerts or the houses of friends. I saw them together a good many times, and fancied she was getting too absorbed in him to be altogether loyal

They appeared to have great sympathy with each other, and he began to go through the recits and airs of his Opera with her, preparatory to her coming out in it-which she had promised to do next spring (another thing I objected to)-and which necessitated a great deal of practising together. I was oftener with them than not in these practices, indeed whenever she expected him Joan always sent for me. I will give her credit for that; and I believe she fought against the peculiar attraction he evidently had for her. But she looked at him and laughed at him, and revelled in his musical talent with unconscious flattery. I did not mind being "gooseberry" for Frank, but I did not see why I should be put in the unpleasant position of "third person" for a stranger; so one day when Joan sent round a tiny note saying: between five and six for a practice with Ford Lowe," I sent back a message to the effect that I was too much engaged to go out that afternoon: she always has these practices at a time when Frank cannot be there I reflected, and had quite worked myself up into a state of indignation, when a knock came at the street door, and the maid announced "Mr. Lowe." I sprang up to meet him, feeling rather red, and caught, not to say angry, at being obliged to smile amiably when I felt cross.

"To what am I indebted" I began; but he inter-

"I've come to fetch you, Miss Kassie; you will

come, won't you? "No, thanks-I can't-I-I'm very much en-

gaged just now." His eyes began to laugh, as he said seriously, "I thought so.

I thought so. Do let me help you!"
Then we both laughed. Of course it was too absurd, for I was leaning back in my chair doing nothing at all when he came in, as he must plainly have seen.

"The fact is," at last I declared boldly, getting redder, "the fact is, I didn't want to come.

" Exactly!"

"My presence was quite unnecessary-you did not require me.'

"Excuse my apparent contradiction, but we did."

"I only felt in the way" (getting redder and

He looked at me for a moment to see if I were in earnest, then flung back his head and laughed-a ringing boyish laugh of unaffected merriment; und strange to say I felt more inclined to cry.

Then he said, "In the way! Why, what could put such an idea into your head?" And, after a pause—

"Is not Miss Trafford engaged to your brother?" "Did she tell you so?" I asked in surprise.

"I don't know whether she told me, but I have known it for a long time; and I congratulate Mr. Berring most heartily, for I admire Miss Trafford very much, and her voice is a real treat-but-

Another pause. I began to feel horribly ashamed What must he think of me? Not

worse than I thought of myself any way.
"You will come with me, won't you? We really cannot do without our chief audience and accom-

I was so pleased with him for ignoring my blushes and confusion that I went.

After that I dare not censure Joan, even in my own thoughts; for I had to own to myself his terrible fascination; and could only wish feverishly he would go away before further complications ensued. I could see Frank was getting jealous and miserable, and although I hated myself for it, I was jealous too. Why should Joan have all the beauty, and voice, and love, and everything, I asked myself enviously?

There is an end to everything, however, and this is how our loves and jealousies ended-in a most unforeseen fashion. One day we were all together, Joan, Ford Lowe, Frank, and I, when the subject of the "Snake Charmer" came up, and Frank said something about the leitmotif. "I can't get the confounded thing out of my head; did you really borrow it from the Indians or is it your own?" he said to Lowe.

"For the life of me I cannot tell you," was the answer. "There is rather a mystery connected

Joan raised her eyes to mine instinctively, and a thought passed between us.

"Amystery! How?" asked Frank, inquisitively. "Well, if you like I will tell you, but it will necessitate a rigmarole, so if I get too long-winded you must pull me up; don't let me bore you.'

"Oh! there is no fear of that," cried Joan, all interest. "Do tell us your whole history, and some day I will make my fortune by writing your biography.

He smiled, and, after a little more bantering, got started on his story as follows-

"Well, about eight and twenty years ago, in a small village near Lake Michigan, there lived a humble farmer and his wife, who rejoiced in the possession of a lovely daughter. A stranger, travelling through the country, was obliged on his journey to seek shelter at the said farmer's said humble cot, and, most naturally, fell in love with the said lovely daughter."

"It is very like 'the house that Jack built,' so far," put in Frank. "This is the man that courted the maid that lived in the cot that was owned by the farmer who lived on the borders of Michigan.

But Joan was in earnest and impatient.

"Don't interrupt, Frank; and, Mr. Lowe, what has all this to do with you?" she asked.

"Everything. That farmer was my grandfather, the beautiful girl my mother. The stranger persuaded her to marry him against her parents' consent-for they were true Americans, very proud and independent, and I believe my father was a man of some position. Shortly after I was born my mother died, and my father (who had settled in Michigan and was devoted to his wife) seemed heart-broken and could not bear the sight of me, poor little wretch! So my grand-parents took

charge of me, upon the condition that I was to take their name and never be claimed from them, and my father disappeared. From that day to this we have never heard a word about him. He left money for my education, &c., and by that means I have been taught to become something a little superior to my connections—in the eyes of the world. Now I am coming to the leitmotif, for I am sure you are getting impatient. I told you just now that I did not know whether the melody originated with me or not-I will tell you why. When quite a child, I remember humming it to myself and trying to harmonize it (I had always a passion for music), and one day my grandmother said to me

"Fordie, where did you learn that tune?"

"I felt rather hurt at the question, as I thought I had made it up myself; but she went on to te'l me how she had heard my father singing it often, and she was under the impression that he had picked it up in an Indian encampment, as she membered hearing my mother say to him-'I wish you hadn't put that horrid Indian thing into my head I can hear it day and night;' and she had not heard it since till she caught me humming it, and recognized it again. But the strangest part of all this is -- that it happened before I was born ! Indeed, my father only saw me once afterwards, and then I was not a month old. Talk about hereditary tendencies—"

At this point, Joan broke out-

"What was your father named?"

"John Rhodes Michie."

" So was mine /" she said, and buried her face in her hands.

We soon found sufficient proof to establish the fact that Joan's mother had been her father's second wife, and Ford Lowe was her half-brother. The mystery of the leitmotif, if not exactly cleared up, had at least a fresh light thrown upon it; and, as if its mission were fulfilled, the haunting strain troubled my friend no longer.

Can it be that a definite shred of melody may be transmitted to us in the same way as moral tendencies or mental disease? In these days, we do not laugh at such theories. For my own part, I have never been able to form an opinion on the subject, as, since I became the sweetheart and wife of Ford Lowe, I have had neither time nor inclination for metaphysical research.

I can only say, that although music of a piercing nature haunts our houses now-Joan's and mine (for a small Joan seems to have inherited her mother's vocal organs, and my boy can raise the echoes when he likes) as yet, I am bound to assert, we can discover in the tunes they give us not the slightest resemblance to—"That Haunting Minor Strain."

MARY L. PENDERED.

THE "Ranz des Vaches" is little more than a signal played by a shepherd on a cow's horn, and "Erin go bragh" and "Lochaber no more," would have but slight effect upon the ear if the associations did not touch the heart.

THE most powerful effect of music is due to its adjuncts and associations. The call which accompanies the heaving of the lead is extremely simple; but when heard at midnight on the sea, it is indescribably solemn. The bell of a village church is laden with beautiful and touching recollections. A melody familiar to us in child-hood, is for ever after linked in our imagination with the things and persons most dear to our memory.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC. - An excellent clergyman, essing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be singularly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them, 'Sing;' and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent and every disposition to scandal."—Mrs.

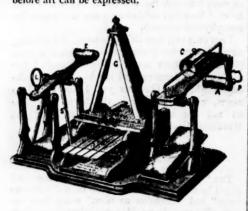
THE

Development of the Hand for Piano Playing.

O write poetry one needs not so much to practise writing it, as first to learn how by studying form and metre; in the same way, though the pianoforte is the agent by which we are enabled to express our musical ideas and emotions, the keyboard of the piano is not the sole means to the end of becoming a performer; we need something else which will train us to be able to play, some tool to fashion us; and that seems, at present, to have been best attained by the Technicon.

By continuous labour and the application of unusual intelligence, some artists have attained great perfection of technique and made the hands "the perfect exponent of the mandate of the will;" but this point once gained severe technical work must still be gone through daily, in order to keep up the high standard which has been reached by means of so much earnest application and toil. Comparatively few out of the thousands of pianoforte students, however, are able to conquer the physical barriers imposed upon them by Nature; to those who know the monotonous labour undergone and the amount of time occupied in the practice of scales, exercises, &c., also the bad effect upon the ear and nervous system of a sensitive nature caused by the continual repetition upon the pianoforte of similar sounds of unsympathetic quality of tone, the benefits to be derived by the use of an apparatus which curtails the necessity of such monotonous practice to a minimum, will be very apparent.

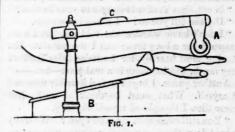
It may be considered as the first axiom in art that "what the mind can conceive the hand should be able to execute." BUT THE HAND CANNOT ALWAYS EXECUTE AS MUCH AS THE MIND CAN CONCEIVE. Here, then, lies the great drawback under which the pianist labours viz.,—the necessity of developing the hand's anatomical mechanism before art can be expressed,



Mr. Brotherhood's Technicon, of which we give an engraving above, is a complete finger and hand gymnasium for strengthening and developing the muscles brought into action in pianoforte playing, and for equalizing the striking power of the fingers. It strengthens those muscles of the hands that are weaker than the others, and the muscles which control the movement of the hand at the wrist; it is also especially valuable in exercising those muscles which have to overcome the weight of the hand in elevating it, and which by due development enable the pianist to produce delicacy in octave playing.

From the following example some idea may be formed of the manner in which the instrument may be used.

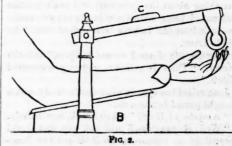
I. Commence with the muscles which elevate and depress the hand bodily from the wrist—i.e., the muscles which are brought into action in octave playing. The extensor muscles should be exercised first—i.e., the muscles which elevate the hand from the wrist, and which are situated on the upper side of the arm. This is done by using that portion of the apparatus on the right-hand side of the Technicon, and as shown by Fig. 1. The leather-covered reel at A is allowed to



rest upon the back of the hand, a little in front of the knuckles (near the base of the fingers), the hand is then moved up and down, the arm being kept stationary, and supported upon the rest B.

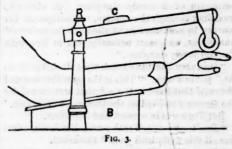
The weight C can be adjusted on the lever so as to bring pressure upon the back of the hand in accordance with the strength of muscles under treatment, great care being taken not to make the pressure too great at first, but it can be gradually increased as the muscles gain in strength. The increase of pressure can be governed and systematized by use of the graduated scale on the side of the metal rod.

2. Next, exercise the depressing muscles of the hand, above alluded to, and which constitute the striking muscles in octave-playing. This is done by reversing the hand, turning the palm upwards, and allowing the leather-covered reel A to rest upon the tops of the four fingers, as shown in Fig. 2.



The side pin must be inserted in the reel A, so that it may remain stationary during this exercise. The hand is then moved up and down bodily from the wrist, the pressure being adjusted by means of the weight on the lever, in accordance with the strength of the muscles under treatment.

3. The extensor, or elevating, muscles of the fingers, should next be exercised as follows:—Let the arm be placed on the rest B, as shown in Fig. 3, the leather-covered reel A resting upon the back of the whole four fingers, as shown.



The hand should be somewhat raised from the wrist, as shown, and kept quiescent as far as the knuckles; the whole four fingers should then be moved up and down, from the knuckles, the middle joints of the fingers being kept stiffened. The weight C must be so adjusted as to bring slight pressure upon the fingers.

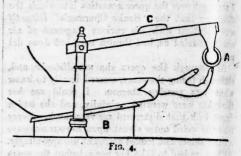
4. The next exercise with the right-hand lever, is to

4. The next exercise with the right-hand lever, is to strengthen the fourth and fifth fingers, so as to enable them to strike a note without yielding. This is done as shown by Fig-4, in which the arm is placed on the

rest B, with the hand palm upwards. The leathercovered reel A must be prevented from revolving by inserting its side pin.

The reel is then allowed to rest upon the fourth or fifth finger (one at a time), the finger being kept slightly curved. The hand is then moved bodily up and down, the finger under treatment being kept in a stiffened condition, as shown.

The fingers should also be exercised in this position from the knuckle-joint, keeping the middle-hand still.



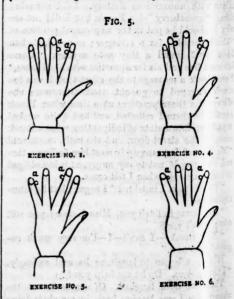
5. The next exercise with the lever on the right-hand side of the Technicon, is intended to promote facility in relaxation or "lightness" of wrist. This is done by allowing the reel A to rest upon the back of the fingers (same as shown by Fig. 1), while the arm is raised off the rest B. The lever should be held suspended on the fingers, and voichout motion; the wrist muscles should then be well relaxed, and the wrist given an upand-down motion, while the lever is kept perfectly still. The finger extensor muscles are thus made susceptible of preserving their contractive action, while the wrist muscles are in a state of relaxation; a condition of muscular action, the value of which pianists will quickly recognize, though, with many, very difficult to obtain.

6. Next, turn the hand sideways, thumb upwards;

6. Next, turn the hand sideways, thumb upwards; let reel rest on second or index finger, move hand up and down from the wrist. Next, keeping lever still, move wrist up and down, so as to gain a loose wrist sideways.

7. We next come to the upper middle portion of the Technicon, which consists of two upright members, G, tapering inwards towards the top, and the front edges of which are padded with leather.

The object of this portion of the apparatus is to loosen up or elongate the ligament which encircles the hand at the knuckles (see diagram, "Imaginative Surgery and Pianoforte Playing," in No. 27 of the MAGAZINE); and which, by its tightening propensity upon the knuckles, binds them together and tends to cause friction of parts. In using this part of the Technicon, spread the fingers well apart, then place them so that the leather padding comes between the top of the fingers, as shown by Fig. 5; the hand being held horizontally, palm downwards; then press the hand slightly forward so as to cause the fingers to be stretched apart against the leather pads. The fingers should be kept stiffened, and the



wrist should be made to turn upon its axis, backwards and forwards, similar to the motion caused by turning a key in a door; this will greatly assist in loosening the knuckle-joints and extending the ligament already se

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Our article in the July number of the MAGAZINE has been productive of many inquiries respecting Mr. Brotherhood's apparatus. For the information of our correspondents and readers we have obtained from the inventor descriptions of exercises and diagrams, given herewith. The price of the instrument is five guiness, a price which, although not dear, we fear will place it beyond many of our readers.—ED,

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ferred to. The positions of the leather pads relatively to the fingers are shown by the small circles a a, Fig. 5. The exercises should be as follows:

r leather pads between and and 3rd fingers. a leather paras between and and ard ingers.

2 "" " " " and " 4th "

3 " " " 4th " 5th "

4 " " " and " 4th "

5 " " " ard " 5th "

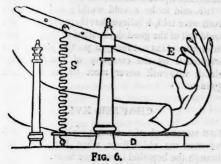
6 " " " and " 5th "

A good exercise for the fourth finger is to place the

hand with third and fifth fingers well extended against leather pads, then work fourth finger up and down.

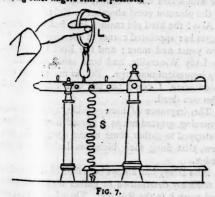
Also extended fingers (as per No. 6 Exercise above), then move wrist up and down.

8. We next come to the lever C, on the le't-hand side This is intended to strengthen of the Technicon. the depressing or striking muscles and also the elevating muscles of the fingers. For exercising the flexor or triking muscles the arm is placed upon the rest D (Fig. 6), with the hand palm upward. The hand is then turned upward from the wrist, as shown in Fig. 6, care being taken to keep the wrist well down. The reason of this position being necessary, is for the purpose of bringing the flexor muscles of the fingers into their ultimate state of contraction; in fact (to use a sailor's expression), it "takes up the slack" of these



The fingers are now exercised, one at a time, by bringing them upon the leather-covered portion at E (Fig. 6), and working the finger up and down against the res tance caused by the springs SS, which can be adjusted to the requisite pressure, care being taken not to make it too great at first, but rather to increase it as the muscles gather strength. This exercise may be found difficult of accomplishment at first, but a little practice will soon remove the primary awkwardne's.

9. The next exercise should be for strengthening the extensor or elevating muscles of the fingers, which is effected by the left-hand lever, as shown by Fig. 7, each finger being, in turn, placed in the leather loop worked up and down, the pressure of the springs SS being adjusted as may be found requisite, and in accordance with the strength of the muscles, the same care to be taken as before, making it light at first; in fact, until these muscles gain in strength, it is best to commence with one spring only. The hand must be kept perfectly still and the finger made to work from the knuckle-joint, keeping other fingers still as possible.



10. The whole of the thumb muscles can also be exercised by this part of the apparatus by placing the thumb in the leather loop and holding the hand in the several positions that will bring each of the thumb muscles under the influence of the pressure against their contractive force, the hand being held still and the necessary motions being given to the thumb.

II. The next exercise is to bring into action those muscles situated upon the sides of the fingers and which teparate the fingers one from the other. This is done by hide. using the small bench FFF upon the central part of the Technicon. On this bench are three grooves, in

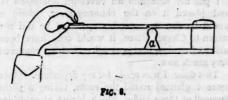
which the three middle fingers (the second, third and fourth, German fingering) are placed. In exercising the side muscles of the right-hand second

finger (German fingering) place the third finger in the middle groove, and fourth finger in right-hand groove. Then move the second finger sideways to the left as far as possible, and in returning it to the right, let it be made to pass as far as possible over the third finger (which is kept stationary in its groove). For exercising the third or middle finger of the right hand, the second finger is placed in the left-hand groove, while all the other fingers are kept released; the same two sideward motions of the third finger are then gone through, care being taken to bring the third finger well over the second, and into the upward part of the bench in the leftward motion. For exercising the fourth finger, the second and third fingers are placed in their respective grooves, and the sideward motions of the fourth finger gone through. For exercising the fifth finger, the second, third and fourth fingers are placed in the grooves and the sideward motions of the fifth finger brought into play, the other fingers being kept as still as possible in their respective grooves.

The fingers should now be exercised upon the springkeys at the centre of the Technicon.

Simple five-finger exercises should be gone through upon these spring-keys, in a slow and deliberate manners each key to be fressed well down (not struck) by its respective finger.

In exercising the fingers on these spring-keys, it will greatly add to the strength-accumulating power in the striking muscles of the fingers (exclusive of the thumb), if the hand be placed in the position shown in Fig. 8, as "the slack" in these muscles is thereby "taken up." The fore-arm should be held in a vertical position, the hand then being bent over, so as to bring the fingers on to the spring-keys. By this position "the slack" in the muscles is taken up, as already referred to.



13. Another exercise is to keep all the spring keys pressed down by the fingers, and while fingers are under this pressure, move wrist up and down, so as to gain a

The resisting power of any or all of these spring-keys can be adjusted as desired by pulling forward the key-board and regulating the movable supports (a) underneath the spring-keys. By these means a weak finger can be subjected to a heavier "touch" than the others, until its power is equalized, when it can be adjusted so as to produce the same resistance for all.

During the first few months of using the Technicon, he extensor or elevating muscles, both of the hands and fingera, should receive a great deal more exercise than magers, should receive a great state that the flexor or striking muscles, because the extensor muscles are naturally weak, from want of specific and direct treatment, and, when strengthened, it will be found that they exercise a most important influence in the production of delicate and sympathetic tones upon

The Technicon should be used before pianoforte practice, when about twenty minutes or half an hour devoted to exercise upon it will prepare the hand for the keyboard, giving a lightness and elasticity to the hand and fingers, of a more satisfactory nature than can be

gained by piano practice.

Each exercise should be carried on until a slight fatigue is produced in the muscle or muscles under treat and when such fatigue sets in, it must be considered as the signal to change to the other hand, or the next finger, as the case may be. In no case should great fatigue of a muscle be induced by too long exercise or too great a

By Mr. Brotherhood's invention the pianoforte is made a yet more attractive instrument to the student of music, and the long-suffering public will be spared in part the infliction of the "piano nuisance;" the student's enthusiasm also will be fostered by supplying him with the means of securing material result rapidly produced.

In conclusion we endorse the words of Liszt, that prince of pianists, and "recommend the Technicon to young and energetic natures."

The Story of a Guitar.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "A Woman's Glory," "When We Two Parted," etc.

> -:0:-CHAPTER XV.

O not distress yourself about Ronald," said William Greystock, gently laying a hand on my arm, and putting me back into my seat. "I have seen him to-day, and he is well enough. It is not the state of his health that need concern you now.

I sat down again, panting for breath. What was coming next? I began to wonder vaguely how much I could bear, and yet continue to live on?

"I am doing you a cruel kindness, Mrs. Hepburn," went on Greystock, still with that burning light in his eyes; "but you must know all; at any cost the veil must be torn from your sight. Did not yesterday's experience prepare you in some degree for what was coming?

That hand of ice was now tightening its grasp on my heart so that I could scarcely breathe. My lips moved; but no sound came from them.

He had taken a paper from his breast and was slowly unfolding it, keeping his gaze fixed on me all the while. And then, after a pause, he held it out to me, and asked me to read its contents.

I took it mechanically from his hand, but the lines swam before my eyes; yet I retained sense enough to understand the words that he was saying.

"That letter was dropped by Ronald in my office to-day. I did not find it till he was gone. It was without an envelope, and I picked it up and unfolded it, not knowing what it was. After I bad read it, I decided to give it to you instead of returning it to your husband."

Gradually the mist had cleared away from my sight, and I could read the brief note that I was holding in my cold fingers. It was written in a woman's hand; large and clear, and ran as follows:

> "GROSVENOR STREET, " Thursday Night.

"DEAREST RONALD.

"I have almost determined, after seeing you today, to risk everything for your sake. It will be a terrible thing to brave my uncle's anger, and the sneers of all my relations, but it will be easier than living without you. Let us meet to morrow, if possible, and then we can talk the matter over once more. Good-night, dearest.
"Your loving,

"IDA."

"To risk everything for your sake !" She loved him—that cold, golden-haired woman—loved him well enough to endure the scorn of the world! I could see all things now in a new light. . He had married in a fit of hopelessness or pique, and they had tried to forget each other. But the separation could not be borne any longer: they had met, and tasted the old sweetness of their love again.

Yes; William Greystock had divined the truth. Ronald meant to leave me; he would not resist the temptation. Life without Ida Lorimer was not worth having; he had grown utterly weary of the poor little delicate wife who fretted him with her low spirits and constant anxiety about bills. What was to be done? How was I—a heart-broken, deserted woman-to face life?

Still grasping the letter in my icy hand, I gazed blankly at the man who had brought it to me. At that moment my old distrust and dislike of William Greystock were quite forgotten-

Swallowed up in this overwhelming anguish, he sympathized with me, and would have spared me the blow if he could. I did not blame him

then, for what he had done.

But what should I do? Was I to remain here, in the room which Ronald and I had beautified

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together? I did not even know whether he would come back to his home again; perhaps his flight with Ida was already planned, and I might never see him more. The question that was in my poor confused mind, issued involuntarily from my lips. As one in a dream, I heard my own voice saying-"What shall I do?"

"There is only one thing to be done." Greystock had risen to his feet and his tone was strong and firm. He stood before me, tall and upright, and the afternoon sun shone in upon his darkly handsome face and brilliant eyes.

"Yes, Mrs. Hepburn, there is only one thing to be done. Did I not say that there was one po left to you - the power of using your wings? You must fly."

"I must fly," I repeated stupidly. "I cannot stay here.'

"You need not stay here another hour. You can come away and forget the man who has so basely wronged you. Let him seek happiness where he will; let him go, Louise: he never was worthy of

"He will go," I murmured. "Already he is lost to me.

"Utterly lost. Louise, you must begin a new life. Come with me; let me lay at your feet the heart that has always been your own. Let me devote myself to you until I have made you forget your false husband; let me show you how a man can love when he has won the woman of his choice.'

Was I going mad? There arose from the depths of my soul a passionate prayer that I might awake, and find that I had been dreaming a strange and evil dream. But no; I was sitting on the old sofa in the familiar little room, and there was William Greystock, a veritable form of flesh and blood.

As the consciousness of his reality smote upon my bewildered brain, I too, rose suddenly to my feet, and felt myself inspired with feverish courage and strength.

"I never thought to have fallen so low as this," I said, sternly confronting him. "Has there been anything in me to lead you to think that I could be false to my marriage vow? Do you suppose that Ronald's desertion can make me forget my duty to God and myself?"

"You are absolved from all vows," he cried, hastily. "Listen to me, Mrs. Hepburn, I entreat you!

"I have already listened too long. You came here, supposing that the deserted wife would be an easy victim. Well, you are quickly undeceived. Villain-traitor-tempter-I am ready to go to my grave; but I will never stir one step from this house with you!"

The glow had faded out of his face, leaving it as white as death. He had played his last card, and he would never begin the game again. A weaker man would have lingered and tried to move me; but William Greystock knew that mine were no idle words.

In another moment the door had opened and shut, and I was delivered from his evil presence. Even in that hour of intense anguish, I found strength enough to thank God that he was gone.

But Ronald-my Ronald, whom I still loved with all the devotion of true womanhood and wifehood! That man, evil as he was, had spoken truth in saying that Ronald was utterly lost to me. The note that I still clasped tightly in my fingers was a proof of his cruel infidelity. I knew Ida Lorimer's handwriting; I had seen notes written by her to Marian Bailey; it was a peculiar hand, and I should have recognised it anywhere. There was not, in this case, the faintest possibility of a deception.

As the door closed, I had sunk exhausted on the sofa; but now I rose, gaining fictitious strength from the resolution that I had rapidly formed. I would go away-away from London-back to my old home, and strive to earn a humble living among the people who had known me from my

But before my plan was put into execution there were certain things that must be done. Nurse had gone out soon after luncheon, and there was no one in the house who would take any notice of my doings. It was a positive relief to feel that my faithful old friend was absent; I dreaded any influence that might be exerted to turn me from my purpose.

Although my temples ached and burned, and every pulse in my body throbbed violently, I carried on my preparations with unnatural calmness. First I filled my hand-bag with some indispensable things, assured myself that I had money enough for immediate wants, and then sat down to write my farewell to my husband.

But this was the hardest part of my task. 1 wrote a line, and then paused, and let my glance wander round the room, until memories came through upon me thick and fast. Was there no way that might lead us back into our happy Must I go onward, along this terrible road to which an inexorable hand was pointing? For a moment or two I wavered in my purpose, and then I remembered Ida's letter. It was not I who was leaving Ronald, he had already left me.

But my hand trembled sadly as I traced my parting words. They were simple and few; I wasted no time in useless reproaches, but frankly

told him why I said good-by.
"An accident," I wrote, "has thrown into my hands a certain note written to you last night. The writer was Ida Lorimer; and I now know that you can no longer bear to live with me. Good-by, Ronald; I have tried to make you happy, and miserably failed."

I put my note into an envelope, addressed it, and placed it on the chimney-piece, where it would be sure to meet his eye. If he did not return to Chapel Place, it would only have been written in vain-that was all. Nothing mattered very much now.

This done, I was ready for my departure. Once more I glanced round the room, taking a silent farewell of those trifles which loving as ociations had made intensely dear. And as my gaze rested on the guitar, I felt as sharp a thrill of anguish as if it had been a living thing which I must leave for ever. Going over to the corner where it stood, I stooped and kissed the strings as if they could have responded to my caress.

As my lips touched the chords they seemed to give out a faint sweet sound. I do not know how it was that this faintest hint of music recalled to mind that mysterious air, whose origin and meaning had baffled us so long. I only know that the melody began to ring softly in my ears; and it was not until I had fairly plunged into the noise of the streets that I lost its haunting sweetness.

There was one more thing to do before I turned my back on London.

My strength was already beginning to fail when I turned my steps towards that dim street in which my husband and I had begun our married life. Yet I would not go away without one farewell look at the house to which I had come as a young bride. It was there that I had spent my first sweet days of perfect trust and love; and there, too, that the sharp battle had been fought betwixt life and death. Ah, if death had been the conqueror in that strife, I should not have been as utterly hopeless and heart-broken as I was to-day!

Coming to the house, I paused before the window of our old sitting-room, which overlooked the street. And, standing there silently, I seemed to see the ghost of my old self drawing aside the lace curtains, and watching anxiously for the doctor's carriage. Hopes, fears, prayers, all came thronging back into my mind; and my misery grew so intolerable that I could fain have sat down, like some poor castaway, on the doorstep, and drawn my last breath there.

Oh, love-life-time! Even in these tranquil days I find myself wondering how human beings, weak as myself, can live under their burdens of sorrow. I had saved a life that was to blight mine; I had rescued him from death, and he had broken my heart.

If I had lingered any longer in that spot, my strength, already so nearly spent, would have utterly failed. I roused myself, grasped my bag with a firmer hand, and turned away from the house, as weary and forlorn a woman as could be found in the vast city that day.

At the end of the street, I called a hansom, and

directed the driver to go to Euston Square. And at last, hardly certain whether I was awake or asleep, I found myself in a second-class railway carriage, on my way to my old home.

How the hours of my journey went by, I can scarcely tell. Passengers got in and got out; and one elderly lady, with a kind face, insisted on my taking a draught of wine-and-water from her travelling-flask. I have but a vague remembrance of the gentle words that she spoke, warning me not to put too severe a strain upon my health; but I can distinctly recall her pitying smile, and the parting pressure of her hand. God bless her, wherever she is; and if ever there should come to her, or hers, a time of bitter need, may that motherly kindness be paid back fourfold!

It is said to be a cold world; and yet, if the truth were told, I believe that there are many who could tell of the good deeds done to them by utter strangers. Has not many a painful journey been brightened by the company of some unknown friend, who will never meet us on this earth again?

CHAPTER XVI.

THE sweet dusk of a summer night was fast stealing over my old village, when I took my way through the beautiful lanes once more.

When I had given up my ticket, and turned away from the quiet station, I was distinctly conscious of a strange confusion of ideas. not remember the name of the old inn which had been familiar to me as a child: nor could I recall the place where it stood. Was it not somewhere on the outskirts of the village? Was it at the top or at the bottom of the straggling street?

Perhaps if I were too stupid to find the innwhere I had intended to pass the night-I might manage to drag myself to the Rectory. Do what I would, tax my brain to the uttermost, I could not tell whether the Rector's aunt were living or dead. Yet I could plainly recollect happy hours spent in the study of the kind bachelor Rector, who had allowed me to turn over his books to my heart's content. The good old aunt had been his housekeeper for many a peaceful year, and little Louise was always her chief favourite. Would she greet me with a kiss and blessing, and lead me to rest in the pleasant guest-chamber to-night?

Alas! the kind old maiden lady had been sleeping in her appointed corner of the church-yard for two years and more; and the Rector, influenced by Lady Waterville, had been much offended by my imprudent marriage. But, in my present confused state, I could not tell who was living and who was dead.

The fragrance of honey-suckle, rich and overpowering, greeted me as I passed along the lane. I stopped to gather some of the sprays, wet with dew, that flung their blossoms lavishly over the hedge.

Miss Drury had always been fond of honeysuckle. I suddenly determined to gather a good handful, and carry it to the Rectory. Then I would ask for her, and put the flowers into her hands, and tell her that little Louise had come back, sick and weary, to beg for a night's rest.

Feeling almost glad again, I broke off cluster after cluster, softly singing an old song to myself all the while. It was a song about the fleeting joys of childhood, and the little lovers, who came with their simple gifts, to win the heart of the merry child. Quite suddenly, while I was singing it, I remembered another lover, older and sadder, who had won me with the magic of his melancholy

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Spanish eyes, and whispered words of sad yearning. And then I burst out into a wild sob which put

an end to the song.

Carrying my light burden of flowers, I went onward through the old lanes, quietly weeping. But the sweet breath of the fields, and the calm of the deepening dusk, tranquilized my spirit, and made me even as a little child.

Still pressing on, and still trying vainly to disentangle my brain from the web that was wound about it, I found myself at the end of the lane. It opened out upon a space of greensward, and then began to narrow again. But on my right, in the clear twilight, arose the familiar outline of a massive tower; and, protected by a low flint wall, were certain dark yews, whose evening whisper recalled other childish memories. On the left were more trees, beeches and sycamores, and a great cedar which stood as a patriarch among his brethren. I knew those trees quite well. The cedar boughs darkened the study window where the Rector sat to write his sermons, and shadowed that very "guest-chamber" wherein I hoped to sleep to-night.

And indeed it was time for one to go to sleep. I was so tired that my limbs seemed to be clogged with iron fetters, and my feet found it hard to keep to a straight line. The gate of the rectory garden stood wide open, and the friendly old trees rustled a welcome as I passed under their boughs, and made my way, feebly and unsteadily, to the house

After some searching, I found a bell-handle hidden somewhere in the thick ivy leaves, and gave it a pull. A muffled peal met my dull ears, and at length there were footsteps, and the heavy oaken door slowly opened. I was conscious of a dim light shining out of a dark entry, and of the face of an elderly woman-servant, whose eyes looked inquisitively into mine.

Gathering up all my forces, I spoke in a clear voice, eager to make myself known and understood

"I want to see Miss Drury. Please go and tell her that Louise Coverdale has brought her some honeysuckle, and ask her to come quickly."
"Lord have mercy upon us!" ejaculated the

woman, in great dismay. And then she disappeared for a moment, and her trembling voice went echoing through the long passages of the old house, while I, faint and weary, stood leaning against the post of the door.

A man came out next, a tall venerable man, with delicate features and snow-white hair; and at the sight of him I broke out into an exceeding bitter

"You are the Rector," I wailed, "and you are angry with me. If Miss Drury would come, she would understand everything. Why don't you send for her? Why is she not here?"

Even while I was pouring out these wild words, I felt the Rector's hands upon my arm, and I was drawn gently indoors and nearer to the light. But somehow the kind hands seemed not to be strong enough to hold me, and the light melted into darkness. There came a sound in my ears like the roaring of many waters, and then I knew no more.
Once or twice I was vaguely aware that one or

two people were busy about me, and that I was in great pain of body and trouble of mind. But nothing was clear and plain. And once I dreamed a feverish dream of the house in the dreary London street where Ronald had lain sick unto death; and I thought that he was really dead, and that I was dying, and going straight to him.

How long these strange fancies lasted I do not know. It seemed to me that I was a long while in a land of phantoms, where the dead and the living drifted about together; and their words had no meaning, their forms no substance. But at last I awoke; and the waking was as bewildering as the dreams had been.

(To be continued.)

What shall we Play?

or, Music in the House. LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

By Dr. CARL REINECKE.

-: 0:-IV.

DEAR MADAM.

Contrary to my expectations, you wish for a detailed explanation of what I call a logical reading of the notes. If I were a little malicious and a little lazy, I would simply refer you to any good "General Rudiments of Music." But who could resist such an amiable entreaty as yours?

One often meets with the information; in the treble-cleft the notes on the lines are called e, g, b, d, f: in the spaces, f, a, c, e (to be remembered by the word face); above and under the lines, g and d; a note with a line through the head or through the tail is called so and so, etc., etc. No consideration is given to the fact that a semibreve has no tail at all-consequently can have no stroke through it : that it is quite possible for four notes to be placed one above the other, every one with a stroke through its head, to name which, after such an explanation



would be an impossibility to the pupil. When the pupil has at last impressed all this with difficulty on his memory, the same misery has to be gone through again when the bass-notes have to be learnt. How simple, however, it is, when you explain to the learner, that every step from one line to the next space, or from every space to the next line, corresponds with every step from one key to the next, moving to the right on the keyboard if going upwards on the stave, and to the left if descending! The five lines with their spaces not being sufficient for writing down all the notes, we use, for every lower or higher note, apart from the different keys, small, so-called ledger-lines above or under the stave, which constitute a temporary extension of the stave, and place upon these the next higher or lower note. The principle now remains the same in all the clefs; consequently the pupil will be able afterwards to read in all the different clefs, if he has quite mastered it. I should be afraid of offending you, dear friend, were I to continue enlarging upon the subject, for I am sure you would have interrupted me long ago if I had told you personally what I must now commit to paper. As a matter of course you will give to the young pupil, after having gone through the first exercises, little pieces for four hands, to exercise and make him sure in the reading of notes. These offer the great advantage of accustoming the learner's ear to Harmony, and also of enabling the teacher to keep his pupil to strict time. The excellent piano-pedagogue, C. Eschmann-Dumur says, in his "Guide du jeune pianiste," (Lausanne : E. R. Spiess, Maison Hofman) : "La lecture d quatre mains présente encore un avantage—celui de développer le sentiment de la mesure; mais il faut avoir soin de jouer avec un maître, ou au moins avec quelqu'un plus fort que soi." ("The playing of duets offers yet another advantage-the developing of a feeling of time; care must however be taken to play with a master, or at least with a more advanced player than one's self"). I should first recommend the 28 Melodious Exercises in a compass of five notes, by Anton Diabelli, Op. 149, to be followed later on by my Op. 54, Book I., and Op. 127 (both in a compass of five notes). Do you wish to use a piano-school for the first studies of your children? In that case I name the follow-

ing: Le Couppey, A B C of the Piano School for Beginners. As supplement to this work are used the studies with the title: "The Alphabet," Op. 17. (Both works published by Breitkopf and Hartel of Leipzig). Further, Joh. Carl Eschmann, Op. 60. The First Year at the Piano; and Op. 61. The Second and Third Year at the Piano. (Berlin Raabe and Plothow). I may also mention the Schools for Children, by Heinrich Wohlfahrt already in its twenty-sixth edition (published by Breitkopf and Hartel at 3s.), by Aloys Hennes and C. Urbach, and, "A Practical Course for Piano Tuition," by Moritz Vogel. At the same time are to be practised Bertim's 25 Etudes Primaires Op. 166; Cserny's Op. 599; Auton Krause-First Music Book for Beginners, Op. 25, (Breitkopf and Hartel, 1s. 6d.); Carl Reinecke, 27 Easy Piano Pieces arranged from the Children's Songs, Op. 37, 63, and 75; as well as C. R., 18 Easy Piano Pieces, arranged from the Children's Songs, Op. 91 and 135.*

And now, I think, you will be provided for some time to come with material for practice for your little strugglers. Wishing you every success, I beg you to give my kindest regards to your little art-students.

The Hills and the Heather.

On the hills the heather grows, And ferns within their hollows lie-The gorse is sweeter than the rose, So think at least the bees and I! And warm upon the mountain side Basks 'mong the pines the sunny light; Beneath them whispering waters glide, And breathe soft music to the height. Oh, the hills and the heather, And the days of summer weather, When we wandered, she and I. And knew watchers none were by-Only she and I together; O'er the hills and through the heather!

Then we watched the harebells tremble, As if tiny hands were swinging Bells the fairies to assemble, With their carillons' sweet ringing. And on mossy banks we sat 'Neath the rowans' flickering shade, And we talked of this and that, But never very far we strayed From "Sweetest, love me, love me ever." Only kisses made reply, And we thought no days could sever Hearts that then did beat so high. Oh, the hills and the heather, And the days of summer weather, When we wandered, she and I, And knew watchers none were by-Only she and I together, O'er the hills and through the heather.

Then we watched, o'er peak and fell, How the evening rose-hues creep; And we fancied that they tell, When the earth is calm asleep These are dreams that fold her round, And would shield her if they might From the darkness, dread, profound, And the deathly pall of night— So we mused a little while, Looked into each other's eyes-Then she spake, with angel's smile: "Love's a light that never dies!" Oh, the hills and the heather, And the summer days together, When we wandered, she and I, And knew watchers none were by-Only she and I together,

Music in the band of **ൿുർ**

(From the French of FELIX RIMO)

PART I. AMATEURS.

THE SEASON.

THE first word which a foreigner hears on arriving in London, is-the season! The season means the months of summer, those fogless months when the sky is bright; in fact, it scarcely amounts to ninety days, like a bill of exchange. Easter is not the signal, it is rather the signal for a general exodus; every one goes out of town, under the pretence of holidays, to breathe fresh air in the country or at the sea-side for a week, sometimes two or three. It is May that sounds the trumpet, the first lilacs that give the signal for festivities, Generally, the ball given by the Prince of Wales on the Queen's birthday, comes like the bell for the raising of the curtain. From this moment there is a shower of invitations, and the drawingrooms are crowded. It becomes a matter of duty to apportion all one's afternoons and evenings among the numerous receptions; one never knows where to turn, there are so many "at homes" to attend, so many friends who dispute the pleasure of your company, so many concerts, theatres, operas, races, cricket-matches, garden-parties. Flirtation is then in full swing, and at the invariably crowded parties, you may see couples sitting on the staircase, all the way up to the top of the house.

This goes on until the middle of July. Generally, the rising of Parliament gives the signal for a retreat. But if the parliamentary comedy lasts any longer-for political orators have better lungs than singers and can stand anything-the members are left behind in their Senate-house; and the fashionable world, victims to pleasure and eager for repose, flies from the capital en masse, leaving the aristocratic quarters as deserted as the silent alleys of a necropolis. Those who may have a taste for meditation and desire to study the mysterious harmonies of silence, will then have an excellent

field for experience.

What goes on at these parties? Dancing, eating, private theatricals, recitations - but you are mostly stuffed with music. Now is the time for the professional to give his inevitable concert in vengeance for the interested invitations issued to his voice, his fingers, or his bow. Every one who has ever encouraged the glove and cab trades by his invitations to professionals, is now expected to make up for it in tickets according to his means and generosity. The result is that concerts are to be counted by twenty a day. As the public halls are not sufficient, many concerts are given in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy, which are willingly lent for the occasion. But there are some who shrink from the necessity of providing refreshments, or are afraid of seeing their carpets soiled with strange feet. And it must be confessed that in England young ladies despise door-mats, and think nothing of entering a drawing-room with muddy boots. Don't say that I am exaggerating, but, look and you will see want of education, surely, or that false pride which is the motive of so many of their actions. They would not be taken for grand ladies, they fancy - perhaps not, but one would credit them with a better up-bringing-if they were to condescend to leave the mud on the door-mat, instead of marking the exact length of their boots on the carpet. In this way I am well acquainted with the size of the feet of all the young ladies who come to see me, and I can assure you that some of them

give a good deal of work to the person that brushes their boots!

Some seasons are better, or worse, than others. Last year's season (1884), for example, was most disappointing; the war in Egypt, the mourning of the Court, and other causes not so obvious, contributed to make it unprofitable to those to whom the season is their means of livelihood. The season which is just over (1885), has been more successful; but the Soudan, and the prospect of a struggle with the power of Russia, sent a chill through the purse and checked the flow of pleasure.

At times like these, the musical epidemic becomes less violent: there is a slight break in the herculean labours that are imposed on the seven notes of the scale. Except in so far as the poor professionals are concerned, this is not an unmixed evil. Music hath charms-and I don't claim to be the first who has made this interesting discovery-but when she pursues you without pity and without intermission, at every step of your existence, good sometimes, but often mercilessly aggressive, you are haunted with longings for the mystic harmonies of the virgin

THE MUSIC OF THE SALOONS.

ENGLISH society is troubled peculiarly by two maladies which no one escapes. The first is the need of a change of air, which occasions continual little journeys to and fro. The second is an enthusiasm for melody. The symptom of this last-named disease is always grave, and every remedy prescribed for it by science has proved

A social gathering without music is an unknown thing. One is fortunate indeed if he escapes with a simple visit, because many young ladies never venture out of doors to take part in these social courtesies without taking their music-roll with them. Who knows what would happen if they lost an opportunity of singing? Take my word for it, if you observe this roll of music in the lobby, say to the servant that you have mistaken the door, and disappear as fast as your legs can carry

Of Soirées it may be remarked, that as starving persons who have nothing to eat are glad to pick up anything, so the frequenters of these gatherings fasten on music as if it were their only support. If it so happened that you met good performers and heard agreeable voices here, an excuse for this eccentricity could be found; but it is really torture to listen to the murdering of Strada's pretty "Boutade" or of Faure's "Hymn of Love." It is painful to be condemned to hearken to the voices of young damsels who, in boldly attempting to render the airs, always spoil them; who express the ideas in language which is unintelligible, and the general effect of whose efforts resemble the piercing lamentations of the wind in tempestuous weather.

When will amateurs understand that before making their deficiencies the laughing-stock of the public, it is necessary first of all to undergo a rigorous schooling? This is essential if they do not wish to appear as a public scourge, for although many persons for the sake of politeness applaud their efforts with the tips of the fingers, they at the same time writhe internally with laughter. If their song, such as it is, amuses them, then let them sing it to themselves in their garret or in their cellar, but pray hinder them from overwhelming their friends with an exhibition of their incapacity.

And politeness hinders us from clamouring for pardon! Oh, what hypocrites we are! We ought to rise up in a body as a protest against these scarecrows who disturb our digestion and afflict our nerves. And yet immediately one of those pretty sweet mouths, formed for kisses rather than for songs, begins to scatter its effronteries in the face of the public, we yield and listen, and refrain from laughing. The English people are certainly endowed with a commendable stock of patience.

But this is not all. Lately a refined form of torture has been found: they now accompany themselves on the guitar.

What is the result of all this? Astonished amateurs having been listened to with toleration. have interpreted it as meaning encouragement. The applause and the compliments which have been bestowed have been accepted seriously by them as a proof of their talent; they have not only become emboldened, but quite pitiless. Their excessive vanity prevents them from confining their efforts to the saloon; ambition pricks them on: they not only organize charity concerts, but they even sing in public. But here the public itself is at fault. The opportunity ought to have been seized to stop their progress, and to make them understand in an unmistakable manner that they had gone too far. A good opportunity of hissing them down has been lost. From the moment ar amateur consents to appear in a concert which the public can enter by payment at the door, he belongs to the public and the critic, like any professional musician. He cannot hope any longer to disguise his name beneath a discreet initial. We complain of the barbarous organs and the street singers, but we sanction a worse state of things by allowing amateurs to appear and display their presumption and nullity on the stage. Why have we not the courage to hiss this bad merchandise when we pay for the good?

While these amateurs are only tolerated, they fondly imagine themselves admired, and do not hesitate even to blindly compare themselves with the greatest artistes. On one occasion, in her own saloon, Mme. G- had the audacity to sing after Mme. L- the identical piece selected by the latter. It was, of course, an absolute parody, although the performer was profoundly unconscious of the fact. On another occasion the same lady remarked to a Miss F—, who was an artiste surrounded by many jealousies: "You know nothing of singing; if I had been an artiste I would have made a fortune with my voice."

Tosti employs a complete little phrase not lacking in courage with respect to lady singers who combine a boldness of singling out pieces with a passion for inviting compliments. When these ridiculous beauties ask his opinion, he retorts: "You dress very prettily, but you sing very badly."

Théophile Gautier must surely have been think ing of London when he wrote the memorable and pithy saying: " Music is at once the most costly and the most disagreeable of all sounds;" a remark which logically led him to print above his poems, "It is forbidden to conjoin music along with these verses.

It is to be noted, too, that as soon as you enter a house where you happen to be an accepted guest, the hall is seen to be littered with rolls of music; the amateurs appear to have ransacked and to have brought their library with them; and they are deeply offended if no one asks them to sing.

In general, instrument performers fare a little better; and the reason for this is simple. A few singing lessons are obtained, and then the performers fire off at your head one or two pieces of music which they execute neither indifferently well nor ill. At the same time, however, people cannot learn to play the piano in eight days, and if those who play it thus, conscious of their deficiency, evade notice, they thereby merit our grateful acknowledgment. On the other hand, there are some persons who are not deterred by a deficiency of this kind from making a venture. On the whole, however, it must be said that the instruments remain in the hands of the artistes, and although the good performers do not exceed in number the bad, yet one has a chance of being better served.

But the anomaly becomes apparent that while the singers are listened to, the instruments which have otherwise the right of being called into requisition, and which represent much painful labour, serve but to promote conversation. As soon as the piano is heard, conversation breaks out with unanimity. Persons who have remained practically dumb until that moment, suddenly find something to say. It is truly the old story of the

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noise which produced sore throat among the birds: the greater the noise the louder they sing. One day a pianist endeavoured by the power of his wrists to overcome the tumult around him, when the mistress of the house stepped forward and pleaded of him not to play so loudly, "because they could not hear each other speaking."

Silas, a talented artiste, who objects to convert himself into a medium for promoting conversation, replied one day to a lady who pressed him to play, "Why, truly I do not see the present the play, Why, truly I do not see the necessity of it; they have already started off, and they talk well without

Along with this impertinence, however, this failure to comply with the mannerly usages of the world, there are faults frequently committed by musicians. There is a tendency on the part of some players to maintain possession of the piano for at least an hour and a half. In cases of this kind you are justified in talking as much as you can; you are within your right in doing so; read a lesson to the pitiful wretch who has no scruple in making such an indiscreet usurpation of your ears. Let us admit, however, that we ought to sit still and listen for the first five minutes, and that either pleasure or politeness may constrain us to do so. When the composition exceeds this perfectly reasonable term, however, the listeners who wish to converse have earned their liberty to re-begin the conversation, thereby indicating to the per-former the limit of their toleration. The musician endowed with tact will thus readily understand that he has ill judged his flight, that he has exceeded the prescribed limit, and he will immediately stop.

The thirst for music is so great that the walls of the chamber where the réunions are held, re-echo with melodious strains almost from the arrival of the first guest to the time when the servant appears in order to extinguish the candles, compelling the indignant player at last to leave the piano which he has taken possession of. We desired to converse with our friends, but we could not interject a

One day I found myself at the house of Mme. F-, a lady who has the reputation of pressing artistes almost to the last extremity. Signor M-, a tenor possessed of an excellent voice, and a very good fellow, but who makes himself too cheap, came to sing "La Donna e Mobile." Mnie. essayed "O Mon Fernand;" Signor R-, an artiste who also makes himself too cheap, en-deavoured to bring out "The Branches." Afterwards H- arrived. He is a pianist who plays music by the kilometre, and soon after his arrival he placed himself at the piano, thereby allowing the singers to enjoy a short breathing space. L—was expected, but he sent a telegram stating that he was detained elsewhere; the poor fellow ruins himself with telegrams of this nature. A second telegram arrived. It came from Mme. P--, who stated that she had to recite before some member of the Royal Family. One of their Royal Highnesses has since assured me that the name of the lady was unknown at Court.

Then W—, who ought also to have been at the concert, failed to put in an appearance, and sent no telegram. M—, S—, and R—— sang once again; then the pianist played a second fantasic by Liszt of 320 pages. The unfortunate artistes who had originally been elated at the prospect of singing, began to seek for an opportunity to steal away; but the mistress of the house kept a watchful eye upon them. In the end they entreated the pianist to play something "long," a request which had not to be repeated twice. I availed myself of the opportunity to escape, and went off to sup with a friend at his house.

It is needful that I should here mention that people do not, as a rule, sup at the house of Mme. —. The wine is stocked in the cellar and the cake was baked last Christmas.

Mme. —. The piano was still in full swing; the player had not finished his self-imposed task.

We unquestionably meet with a large variety of musicians in our wanderings through the world, but probably we are agreed that the humbugs or the impostors reap the largest measure of success. We also stumble across a variety of nobodies who pose before the world as demigods, and in whom

the gullible public believes.

I ought to say something now with respect to the numerous concerts which afflict London. It is you, ladies, with your insatiable craving for music at all cost, who have caused the avalanche to fall upon your heads. You cry out when musicians pester you with concert tickets, but you forget that these artistes who have played and sung all the year "for love," have but this resource left of making you pay for their gloves and their hansoms. In multiplying the number of your musical ré-unions, you have at the same time multiplied the number of concerts. Every musician feels under the obligation to give a concert in order to bait his hook for your guineas. Why do you wish that they should constantly sacrifice their time and their ability for you? Do you find the doctor and the parson spending the evening in their black coats in order to grant gratuitous consultations for the benefit of the town? The musician lives by his art as the baker does by his bread. Endeavour I pray you, to understand that fact. To sing and to play are no doubt easy undertakings for them, but they have had to learn the art. Besides they have to exercise their fingers or their voices by constant and laborious exercise. They have also to clothe themselves, to wear the conventional white necktie, and in public to wreathe their countenances in a gracious smile. I doubt whether an ordeal of this description is a subject of amusement to them, especially when the larder at home is empty. To cut the matter short, you must remember that it is their trade, and that it is desirable either to make an effort to understand it, or to leave it alone.

A word now to the musicians. You complain that the guineas are refractory, but it is you who have spoilt the game. Why do you make your-selves so cheap? If a musician adopted the plan of replying only to invitations where the "retaining -a reasonable and not an excessive one-was wrapped up in the form of a judicious postscript, patrons would fall into the custom of paying you exactly as they pay the contractor, the physician,

I am aware that certain persons invite you as friends. Don't believe a word of it; the phrase is used as a cloak for economy; your world is not theirs. You are at once above and below them; art and the world are two currents which never commingle naturally. They make a good show, they mutually serve one another, but to intimacy they remain strangers, because their tastes do not coincide; for them you are a stopgap; for you they are a client.

If they invite you as friends, why should they lay you under contribution? When I invite my physician to dinner, I do not ask him to examine a sore along with the dessert.

I have spoken of reasonable remuneration. Yet here there is often a mistake committed by the musician. It arises from grotesque pretensions. But the remedy for this, ladies, is very simple. Place on one side the names of those who rate their ability with the extent of their pride; consult your purse; there is no lack of excellent musicians who will be perfectly satisfied to conform to the extent of your means.

Very amusing persons are sometimes met with in the saloons. The type of the amateur virtuoso is known in every country. There are some who are true musicians, but as a set off there are many others who are intolerant and pretentious.

I will depict one of them to you. He is a certain Our supper lasted until a late hour. When I left my friend three hours afterwards in order to go home, I had of necessity to pass the house of certain saloons. Dressed in small Louis XV. shoes, a white vest beneath a black coat, and a general harmony of attire which is indescribable, but of bad taste; this footman who stains the carpets that he treads, is certainly above the professional musician. If members of the profession are inferior to him, he annihilates them with a supercilious smile of superiority. If, on the other hand, they are superior to him, the man-eater rends them, so to speak, with his teeth and gloats over their blood. The genuine musician is never invited where this person possesses influence, "the Great Amateur" setting at naught the artistic pretensions of the profession.

Singing has also its "luminaries," and here the impudence of amateurs knows no limits. So long as they keep to the saloons—a neutral territory where one at least has not to pay to hear them-one must content himself with complaining and then to flee from them. But when they have the boldness to organize charity concerts, or to get their names included in professional concerts where the public pays for admission, we are tempted to ask whether an insult is intended to the good sense of the public, or whether there is a lack of good

sense on the part of the public.

This is also the fault of the musicians. What a comical idea it is for them to ask the services of amateurs! I regret to say it, but the motive is an interested one. They hope to make the amateurs pay for their vanity by thinking that they will take many tickets. What happens? The vanity in this instance is so great that it baffles the scheme of the musician. The amateur believes that he has conferred a favour, persuades himself that the profession was fortunate in coming to him, and when the little question of the tickets is approached he replies, "Why, I have given my services gratuitously."

Exactly; they ought next to ask for a guinea to defray their expenses with the view of discouraging those who are so deficient in self-respect as to

descend to such expedients.

The charity concerts constitute a growing danger which threatens, and which will eventually kill, the regular musician. Who profit by these concerts? For the most part they serve but to pay their own expenses, but they foster the self-love of those who give them, and who pose as the protectors of the poor. Instead of being generous at the expense of others, gentlemen or ladies, where a good movement is concerned, it is preferable that you should put your hand in your own pocket and contribute directly to the charity, instead of doing so through the medium of these concert promoters.

In place of this, what do you do? Who profits by the receipts? The owners of halls and the printers. And as the money flows thither the public are prevented from going elsewhere; it is at the expense of the professional concerts when people patronize those promoted for charity objects.

It is a growing evil, and as the system has no other result than that of administering to a little vanity, let us concur, when viewing English society to put it in the forefront.

(To be continued.)

MENDELSSOHN AT THE PIANO. - In playing the piano or any other instrument, spiritual gifts on the part of the player are of much greater importance than mere manual player are of much greater importance than mere manual dexterity. This was specially noticeable when one heard Mendelssohn play. "My recollections of Mendelssohn's playing," says Mme. Schunann, "are among the most delightful things in my artistic life. It was to me a shining ideal, full of genius and life, united with technical perfection. It never occurred to me to compare him with virtuosi. Of mere effects of performance he knew nothing. He was always the great musician, and in hearing him one forgot the player, and revelled in the full enjoyment of the music. He carried one with him in the most incredible manner, and his playing was in the most incredible manner, and his playing was always stamped with beauty and nobility. In his early days he had acquired perfection of technique; but laterly, as he often told me, he hardly ever practised, and yet he surpassed every one."

A Modern Troubadour.

By JAMES WALTER BROWN.

RAVELLERS by the North Midland Railway who break their journey at Caerminster, and mark the bustle and commotion which animate that place on the arrival of their train, would have considerable difficulty in picturing to themselves the Sleepy Hollow that existed there but thirty years ago. From some cause or another, when the trunk-line was made along which the stream of traffic between the Metropolis and the North then rushed, Caerminster had been left out in the cold; and, although a branch connection was made, it was worked in such a leisurely, jog-trot fashion, as scarcely to break the torpor in which the city had lain lapped

There were more castes in Caerminster in those days than Hindoo exclusiveness ever dreamt ofrunning downwards in fine distinction from the dean, who took precedence as chief Brahmin, and the few select dwellers within the cathedral precincts, to the Reverend W. Dipper, the Baptist pastor, who for a subsistence laboured with his hands throughout the week in a cobbler's stall.

An important man was the dean, and not least so in his own estimation: proud of his position ou the pinnacle of Caerminster society, proud of his wife, the Honourable Mrs. Stole, proud of his two charming daughters-the Misses Gwendoline and Ethel Stole-proud of his cathedral and all that appertained thereto, and, among the rest, of its organist and choir. This latter adjunct to the organist and choir. establishment was, in truth, of a very ordinary character. The organist, Mr. Byrd, was a musician of talent as well as skill; and by dint of patient care had trained his band of harum-scarum boys to a high pitch of efficiency, but the salaries paid to the men of the choir were too small to draw outsiders to the place, and so he had to make the best he could of such local talent as offered itself.

It thus happened on one occasion, when the post of principal bass became vacant, that nobody could be found to fill it. One after another, ambitious local aspirants to its honour and emoluments were tried and found wanting, till Mr. Byrd was well-nigh driven to despair. Christmastide was upon them, and it seemed as if the cycle of anthems from the "Messiah"-beginning on Advent Sunday with "Comfort ye" for the tenor, and ending on the last Sunday of the year with "For behold, darkness" for the bass-would be broken; a mishap which had never befallen in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Such was the predicament, when, one day after morning service, Mr. Byrd was accosted by a stranger who had arrived in the city the night The new-comer was altogether a remarkable-looking and not very prepossessing individual; tall and ungainly, dressed in a suit of rusty black broadcloth that looked as if it might have been bought haphazard at a second-hand clothes' shop, with a shambling gait, and an apologetic air so closely approaching servility as to imbue his interlocutor with disgust. His lank, straw-coloured hair was plastered down over his forehead with pomatum, the rancid odour of which was most offensive to Mr. Byrd; and, being short-sighted, he wore a pair of old-fashioned spectacles, with rims like cartwheel tyres, over which he peered in the most deprecatory manner imaginable.

'Good morning, sir!" he began, in a rich mellow voice, the sonorous low-pitched toncs of which stirred the echoes of the building like an organ diapason, and were comically at variance with his bashful demeanour-"I-I believe I have the honour of addressing the organist of this imposing

"That is my position," replied Mr. Byrd.

"I—I understand that you are in want of a bass singer for the cholr, and I humbly beg to—to offer myself as a candidate."
"Oh, indeed!" was the rejoinder. "Have you

had any experience in a cathedral choir ?'

"No, sir," growled the applicant in a timid tremulo; "but I-I am most anxious to learn."

"Have you a knowledge of music-can you read

"A very little, sir; but I-I should be so glad to learn.

"I am afraid that will be an insuperable objection," said Mr. Byrd. . "You see we expect a man to be able to go into the choir, and take his part without any teaching. However, I should like to hear you sing; do you know any solo?"

"I-I have studied the 'Messiah' music, and could sing anything from that oratorio."

"Well, suppose you try 'For behold, darkness." suggested Mr. Byrd, thinking that, at the worst, to-morrow's difficulty might be tided over in some fashion; and conducting the stranger, who inti-mated that his name was Joseph White, into the choir, he turned up the music for him in an old dog's-eared folio which did duty along the whole line from treble to bass, as the emergencies of solo singing required. He then climbed the dusty stair to the organ gallery, where, after a few preliminary flourishes, he began the weird symphony-so suggestive of a helpless groping in darknesswhich leads into the recitative.

As the sound of a bugle thrills a neighing, prancing warhorse, or the silvery laugh of his approaching mistress stirs an impatient lover, so did those deep organ tones metamorphose the limp and apathetic Mr. Joseph White. He drew himself up with an air of positive dignity, his spectacles seemed fairly to glint with the fire that flashed in the eves behind them, and it was plainly evident that his whole soul was in his work.

Never had such a voice been heard in Caerminster choir; now subdued and low, like the vibration of thunder far away-again, rising with the subject, ringing out clear and sweet as a mighty silver trumpet-dancing nimbly from note to note in the florid passages with the agility of a sylph and the ponderosity of a giant, till Mr. Byrd was fain to drop his hands from the keyboard and listen in amazement to the end. Then Mr. White shrank back into the shy and nerveless condition from which he had emerged, and glanced timidly over the tyres of his spectacles in the direction of Mr. Byrd. That gentleman peered over the organ-screen, in bewilderment that a mortal so insignificant-looking should sing so divinely.

"You have a magnificent voice, sir," he said, "and you sing that solo splendidly."

Mr. White blushed, and nervously adjusted his glasses, with a smile of supreme gratification.

"If the man can read, I have found a prize," thought Mr. Byrd, as he descended into the choir again, with a sheet of music in his hand.

"I should like to test your reading at sight," he remarked. "This is a simple anthem of my own which I wish you to try, and if you sing it satisfactorily I shall have pleasure in using my influence with the dean to obtain you the appoint-

But, alas! for the organist's hopes. The candidate certainly showed himself to have some smattering of music, but he floundered through the anthem so ignominiously that Mr. Byrd shook his head and said-

"I am very sorry, but I fear you are scarcely fitted for the post as yet. It is a pity that you should not be able to read, for you have indeed a glorious

"Oh! sir," replied Mr. White tremulously, "I would try so—so hard, if you would but give me a

"Well," rejoined Mr. Byrd, "if you like, you may put on a surplice to-morrow. You need not

sing much in the service, and I will set down that anthem from the 'Messiah.' Then we shall see what the dean says on Monday."

To this proposal Mr. White joyfully agreed, and the organist went away to arrange the matter with the dean.

DURING the afternoon and evening of that day Mr. Joseph White haunted the cathedral precincts like the spectre of one of those monks of old whose dust lay in peace beneath the minster's shadow, If he had been the heir to an ancient house, newly and unexpectedly put into possession of the family mansion, hitherto only viewed from the distant standpoint of a poor relation, his interest in the place could not have been greater. It was clear that he looked on himself as already appointed to the vacant stall in the choir, and held no mean opinion of its dignity.

Of course the appearance of an object so promis-ing for fun and mischief as Mr. Joseph White was not likely to escape those lynx-eyed imps, the boys of the choir; and before long there was a pack of them at his heels. These amiable young gentlemen soon discovered that they had a greenhorn to deal with, and in reply to his questioning-for he was very inquisitive-crammed him with such a store of fiction and history as would have fitted him straightway to assume the duties of verger to

But the interest with which Mr. White scanned the relics of a hoary past was small compared to the awe with which he viewed the more modern residences where dwelt the dignitaries of the present; and when his guides conducted him down the Prior's Walk, and showed him the Deanery, where the arbiter of his fortunes abode, his emotion was such that he bared his head reverentially, as on holy ground.

the establishment, had that post been vacant.

On the following morning when Mr. White entered the choir, robed in a surplice several sizes too short for him, beneath which his long legs protruded like a stork's, the young ladies in the congregation eyed him with great amusement. Even in the dean's family pew a subdued titter was heard from behind the dainty prayer-books held by the bewitching and ordinarily circumspect daughters of the house

And merrily did those lively maidens quiz, at luncheon, the aspect of the gauche candidate. for their very reverend parent, he was wildly indignant at Mr. Byrd for introducing such a scarecrow into the choir.

"I did not hear the fellow sing one note," said the dean, "and yet Byrd has put down 'For behold darkness' for this afternoon. My dears, it is most preposterous! We shall have a complete fiasco!

But at afternoon service, when anthem time came on, and Mr. Joseph White, shaking off his timidity and awkwardness, launched forth into the solo with the same marvellous effect as had so astonished the organist on the preceding day, the dean saw reason to change his opinion. visited many cathedrals, and had heard therein singers whom he had admired, and of whose possession he had envied his decanal brethren,—but never one who sang like this. In short, Mr. White held the Caerminster congregation spellbound, so that listening to him they quite forgot the comicality of his aspect.

The mesmeric effect upon Miss Ethel Stole, in particular, was most remarkable. For no sooner were the rich mellow tones of Mr. Joseph White's voice heard in the opening phrase of the recitative, than the roguish twinkle of amusement fled from her eyes, her slight frame seemed to thrill in sympathy with the singer, and her rosy checks grew so pale that her sister feared she was about to faint. was the closeness of the atmosphere that affected her, she said afterwards, when Gwendoline twitted her on the subject; and, doubtless, it was also the sultriness of the December afternoon that cause her face as suddenly to become rosier than before, and made her lower her eyes to the anthem-book

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The dean and his fellow-dignitaries were so de-lighted with Mr. Joseph White's singing that after-noon that they agreed to appoint him to the post he so ardently desired, provided that he showed himself capable of performing its duties; and never did a man apply himself so assiduously to attain the necessary efficiency. Every day showed a marked improvement, and before the end of a month he could take his part in the most intricate music of Purcell and Greene, and those other old masters whose works were the delight of Mr. Byrd's heart, so correctly, that his permanent engagement was assured.

All this time he fraternized but little with his brethren of the choir; their boisterous jollity harmonized ill with his shy and retiring nature, and they made him the butt of their practical jokes. With the boys it was different, for between them and him a bond of fellowship soon grew up, and he was seldom seen in the town without two or three of them in close attendance. It turned out that he was not such a greenhorn as they had thought; and, moreover, he took a great interest in all their games. Then, on half-holidays he would go on rambling excursions with them, and altogether was "such a brick," that every one of them was ready to do anything to oblige "Old Goggles," as they affectionately termed him.

Of an evening, his favourite haunt was the cathedral precincts, and in particular the sheltered nook near which ran the Prior's Walk. Now there was in the dean's household a pretty dark-eyed maiden, whose duty it was to attend upon his daughters, and, strange to relate, it seemed to have entered into her foolish little head to have a remarkable liking, or something even more tender, for this simple-minded stranger. It might be only coincidence, but it certainly was odd that whenever she had occasion to trip across with a message to the Prebends' House, it was almost invariably at a time when Mr. Joseph White was just round the corner. And, shy as he was, he rarely let her pass without detaining her for a few minutes' chat, it seemed as though the old adage, "love kindles love," were going to prove itself true once more. For one evening in the twilight, as Gwendoline Stole stood at her boudoir window, looking down into the close, she startled her sister by ex-

"Well, I never! If there is not Mr. Byrd's prodigy kissing our Sally!"

"The impertinent little hussy, to allow him,"

was the sharp rejoinder.

"Why not, Ethel?" queried Gwendoline; "I'm sure it looks very nice; and if he should be in love with Sally, I don't see any harm in it."

But Ethel did not appear to view it in that light

A DAY or two later, the Caerminster Assizes were held, a most important event in those days, and one which fluttered the hearts of the Caerminster ladies for weeks ahead. For the Sheriff always gave a ball on the occasion, to which the members of the Bar were invited, together with the officers of the garrison, and other eligible bachelors; and who knew what might come out of such an affair as that ? Matrimony, we believe, was the unspoken hope of many a romantic maiden; but the writer of this chronicle being a crusty old bachelor cannot be supposed to speak with authority on such matters. Then the Mayor gave a banquet to the Judges and the dean and chapter, which hospitality the dean reciprocated by giving another to the Judges and Mayor, and so the Assize week was one round of festivity.

The banquet at the Deanery was an imposing and courtly display. For guests, there were the two Judges of Assize, Mr. Baron Swallow and Mr. Justice Wren, attired in silken gowns and bobwigs, and accompanied by their respective marshals; the High Sheriff in all the magnificence of a Deputy Lieutenant's uniform, with his chaplain in

academical gown and hood; his worship the Mayor arrayed in his massive chain of office, and attended by the town clerk; the Venerable Archdeacon Plunket, canon in residence, and one or two smaller luminaries of the Establishment.

The grace, "Non nobis Domine," having been sung in masterly style by Messrs. Crow, Piper, and White, of the cathedral choir, those worthies retired to the servants' hall, to be there regaled until their services should again be required later in the evening. The stately and frigid silence with which the absorption of the decanal dainties began quickly thawed into genial chat, and, warming with the successive courses, by the time the port began to pass round, had reached blood-heat—jest followed t, and story jostled story, till the age-blackened oak panels rang again, and the four grotesquely-carven imps, looking down from their corners overhead, winked their wicked eyes, and seemed won-dering whether the good old monkish days of jollity had come back again.

It thus happened that when they adjourned to the drawing-room, Her Majesty's Judges of Assize were by no means such objects of awe as the ladies there assembled had pictured to themselves; in-deed, two merrier old English gentlemen would have been hard to find. After a while the glee party was summoned from its retreat to sing to the guests; and here again Mr. Joseph White's voice rang out so gloriously that Mr. Baron Swallow must needs ask for a song from him, a request with which the timid basso was constrained to comply. If he knew nothing else, he seemed to have Handel at his fingers ends, and so had selected the aria "Oh! ruddier than the cherry," from "Acis and Galatea," before discovering that there was no one to accompany him on the piano. However, the dean tided over the difficulty by saying to his daughter-

Ethel, my dear, perhaps you will play this for Mr. White? I'm sure you know it.

Now, notwithstanding that Miss Ethel Stole was a very clever musician, and could have played the required accompaniment perfectly well at sight, on the present occasion she made a very indifferent attempt. Possibly the presence of such august personages made her timid; at any rate, from what-ever cause, she stumbled and blundered like the veriest neophyte in the art, and her blushes would have put to shame the ruddiest cherry that ever grew. Mr. White, on the contrary, was perfectly grew. Mr. White, on the contrary, was perfectly collected, and thus managed to bring the perform ance to a triumphant close; when there was such a round of applause as made the dean's heart thrill with honest pride. Miss Ethel Stole took advantage of this diversion to escape from the room, and when her sister inquired for her, it proved that she had retired for the night, suffering from a violent headache. In due time the High Sheriff's gorgeous equipage rolled through the old Norman gateway, and bore Her Majesty's Judges to their lodgings; the Mayor's more modest brougham whirled him away to his expectant spouse. Mr. White and his confreres were refreshed with a parting glass of wine, and the close of Caerminster once more slumbered in quiet. Not so did the thirsty gleemen, for they hied with all speed to their own particular snug in the "Black Friars," just outside the gates—all save Mr. White. who lagged behind. As soon as he was missed Crow, the counter-tenor, was despatched in search of him, but quickly returned alone, with the report that he had just been in time to see pretty Sally closing the Deanery door, and to learn that their runaway comrade had gone home by way of the Deanery garden-gate.

The next morning the Judges attended the cathedral in state, and when the service began Mr. Joseph White's stall was found to be unoccupied. Now this was a very awkward affair, for not only was his voice the backbone of the choir on the decani side, but the anthem that was down for performance contained a base solo which no one else could sing. Mr. Byrd fidgeted about in his organ gallery, looking anxiously down and wonder-ing what could be the matter with his usually

punctual basso; until finally he was reluctantly compelled to change the anthem.

The ladies at the Deanery were not remarkable for early hours, so, considering the excitement of the preceding night, the dean was not surprised that they did not join him at breakfast. But when he returned from morning service, the astounding tidings awaited him that Miss Ethel Stole was missing, and that her demure little maiden Sally had likewise vanished. Everything pointed clearly to the fact that there had been a well-planned elopement: but with whom?—there was the puzzle. And yet, like all other puzzles, the solution was a very simple one when found; and the dean was not long in jumping to the conclusion, which doubtless the judicious reader has already arrived at-albeit without the clue which the very reverend gentleman possessed In the previous summer, while visiting some friends at Brighton, Miss Ethel Stole had been introduced to a certain Signor Guiseppe Lablanche, the lion of the season at Covent Garden; and the acquaintance the season at covert carter, the season at covert carter, thus begun had developed into something so like love-making, that Miss Ethel had been peremptorily recalled home. Guiseppe Lablanche-Joseph White that was the key to the whole mystery.

There was no train by which the runaways could have taken flight, but an inquiry at the "Bush Iun" soon elicited how that had been accomplished. About half-past eleven the night before, a tall gentleman with a military bearing had arrived there, and ordered a chaise and pair to be got ready forthwith. Such commands were not at all nausual in Caerminster in those days, and as the stranger was well prepared with ready money, no impertinent questions were asked. It proved further that the gentleman was possessed of a stentorian voice, which he made use of in objurgating the stablemen for their tardiness.

Following up the scent, the dean posted off to Gretna Green with all possible speed, accompanied by his legal adviser, the chapter clerk, hastily summoned to his aid. There he found that the matrimonial chain had been welded several hours before, joining for life Guiseppe Lablanche, of Paternoster Row, Caerminster, and Mayfair, Lon-don, bachelor, to Ethel Stole, of the Deanery, Caerminster, spinster.

There was nothing left but to make the best of it; and, after all, things were not so bad as they had seemed, for Signor Lablanche, in addition to a small private fortune, had already amassed sufficient money by his art to be independent of a professional career, and was not unwilling to adopt the suggestion of his wife's kinsfolk that he should retire from the stage. So he bought a small estate in the Lake district, and settled down to the life of an English squire; a part which he filled so naturally that no one would have dreamt he had ever acted the rôle of a modern troubadour.

Music.

Music may be divine, but its living is its dying, It gushes, and is drunk up by the thirsty silences.

GOD is its author, and not man; he laid The key-note of all harmonies; he planned All perfect combinations, and he made Us so that we could hear and understand.

THE rustle of the leaves in summer's hush When wandering breezes touch them, and the aigh That filters through the forest, or the gush That swells and sinks amid the branches high,— Tis all the music of the wind, and we Let fancy float on this colian breath. M. G. BRAINARD, "Music."

WHEN the full organ joins the tuneful quire, Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear. Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire, While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;

And angels lean from Heav'n to hear. ALEXANDER POPE.

biterature of Music.

T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square.

"The Last Stakes: a Tale of Monte Carlo." By Madame R. Foli.

There is little musical about this book except that it is written by the wife of a well-known basso singer, and that the heroine is represented as a young lady who had achieved great triumphs in opera but whose life is wrecked by her passion for gambling. The chapter describing the début of Mile. Ronzi at Turin is one of the best in the book. She, however, has the misfortune to lose her voice before long, and the monetary troubles experienced by herself and her mother in consequence, induce the poor girl to return to the gaming tables at Monte Carlo, which for a time, by the persuasion of her English lover, she had foresworn. Apart from this small medium of musical interest, little need be said about the book, which, truth to tell, is a very amateurish affair indeed. There is a dark villain, Gaspardi, by name, an ingenue heroir Viola, a rich uncle of the conventional type, and the story unfolds itself upon lines long familiar to the reader of the fifth-rate novel. The one thing noticeable about the work is the fierce and evidently heartfelt denun of the tables at Monte Carlo. The case can hardly be overstated, and the ruin and misery which have resulted from many a thoughtless youth "just trying his luck, is terribly illustrated in the story of George Moreland a given in this book.

Trubner and Co.

"A History of Music." Vol. II. By J. F. Rowbotham

It is difficult to judge fairly of this very learned and painstaking work. Mr. Rowbotham's style is the most curious imitation-antique conceivable, with a certain pleasant quaintness about it, but also a monotony of rhythm and a strange fondness for linking his sentences together, that sometimes tend not a little to exasperate the reader. Here is an example:

"And it was in this glory and bulk of metre that the Vedas were composed. And they are billows of verse, three times, four times, even six times as long as hexameters. I will describe the effect of the Vedas upon myself. They intoxicate me with wind. Now it will be well to consider how these metres arose. And they arose as all metres do, from the dance, &c."

The present volume is nearly entirely devoted to a dissertation on the music of the Greeks. laborious research, the extraordinary ingenuity of conjecture expended by scholars in the past and the present, the fact remains that little is known, and probably ever will be known, about the music of the ancients. Therefore, when Mr. Rowbotham extols the Greek music as equal to, and indeed surpassing, modern nusic, when he talks about the sonata and symphony form being known and employed by the Greeks two thousand years ago, when he asserts that the music of their flutes and lyres was so wondrously sweet and enthralling, the reader may admire, but is not convinced by his enthusiasm. There is no doubt, as is well shown in this and the preceding volume, that the first stages in the musical development of all nations have been marked by the cultivation of rhythm, the phrases spoken or sung being made to correspond in accent with the measured beat of the dancers' feet at high festival or sacred assembly. Melody comes later. And, just as is found among many nations now rightly considered as low in the scale of civilization, moods, tenses, and inflections a hundredfold more intricate and numerous than those of our own language, it may well be that the marvellously involved rhythms so carefully described by Mr. Rowbotham, made use of by the Greek poets, in no way prove their possession of high musical attainments, but rather the reverse.

Of curious puzzles in the working out of these rhythms

some elaborate specimens are given on page 292 et seq.

To many the best part of this book will be found to be the account of Pythagoras' teaching and of his investi gation of the science of musical sounds, strangely mixed up by the Neo-Platonists, through whom the story has been handed down to us, with a theory of the universe very misty and unintelligible to most moderns. Many may not care very much for rhapsodies about the "Universal Octave," or the propagatory functions of the "Divine and Primal Monad," but Pythagoras' experiments in the blacksmith's shop and his discovery of "Musical Consonances" are most interesting to follow. Two specimens only is Mr. Rowbotham able ost interesting to

to give us of ancient Greek melodies, and those are by no means of very remarkable beauty. Indeed, he is forced to own that they are "of the decline of the art," and that "time has wafted away the melodies of Sappho."

Foreign Rotes.

A GERMAN translation of the memoir of Ole Bull, by his widow, has been published at Stuttgart.

THE Summer Theatre at Magdeburg is playing a new operetta, by Herr Dilbern, called "The Bulgarian," which is a great success.

THE National Theatre at Prague is playing an opera called "The French before Nice," the music of which was composed by Wagner.

Le Ménestrel states that Mme. Albani has accepted an engagement to appear in a series of operas at Antwerp towards the close of next season.

THE New York papers announce that the new Gilbert-Sullivan opera will be produced simultaneously in London and several of the chief cities of the States.

ACCORDING to the Musikalisches Wochenblatt the recent performances at Bayreuth yielded a clear profit of 15,000 marks (£750), notwithstanding the greatly in-

M. LAMOUREUX, who has already done much for the cause of Wagner in Paris, intends, if possible, to produce "Die Walkure" as well as "Lohengrin" at the Eden Theatre during the winter.

HERR HANS VON BULOW is arranging a cycle of Beethoven's pianoforte works, to consist of four perchronological order, which he will give in the principal German cities during the winter.

IT is feared that the promised revival of Berlioz' "Benvenuto Cellini" at the Paris Opéra Comique will not take place so early as October 17, the date fixed for unveiling the monument of the composer on the Place

HERR POLACK-DANIELS, of Dresden, has just con pleted an opera, "King Wenceslaus," with the words by Carl Ueberhurst, stage manager at the Dresden Opera, which is to be brought out at the German Theatre in

THE new Court Theatre at Schwerin was to be opened on the 21st ult. with Gluck's "Iphigenia," pre-ceded by a prologue written by the choir-master of the Court. The new theatre is constructed entirely of iron

EDUARD GRELL, a composer of vocal music, has just died at Steglitz at the advanced age of eighty-seven. Some of his smaller sacred comp introduced in various collections of anthems in this country and America.

THE opera "Frivoli," lately in possession of the stage of Drury Lane, London, has reappeared on that of the Châtelet Theatre, Pari, where it is produced with all the splendour of scenic appointment by which its original representation was distinguished.

FROM Vienna we hear that Franz von Suppé, the composer of "Fatinitza" and "Boccaccio," is putting the finishing touches to a new comic opera, which will be brought out during the coming season at the Ander Wien Theatre in that city. Its title is "Belman." . . .

THE New Berliner Musik-Zeitung states that Herr Goldmark's new opera, "Merlin," will be produced at Vienna instead of New York, and that a new operetta by Millöcker, "The Vice-Admiral," will be brought out at the Ander Wien Theatre, in the Austrian capital.

ACCORDING to the Milenese journal Il Trovatore the rectors of the Paris Opera requested Verdi to under directors of the Paris Opéra requested Verdi to under-take, for production in the next Exhibition year (1889), a new opera which should bear some reference to the cen-tenary of the Revolution. The veteran composer, how ever, has declined the task.

"IOHN HUSS" is the title of a new Italian opera written by the Venetian composer, Angelo Tessaro, which is to be produced during the next Carnival either at La Scala, in Milan, or La Fenice, in Venice. It is said to be written very much after the manner of Wagner, and in some of the effects aims at being realistic.

THE German Emperor has ordered the publication of a complete edition of the musical works of Frederick the Great. The collection will include several compositions which have hitherto remained embalmed in the library of the Sans Souci Palace at Potadam, and which have been selected and arranged for publication by the Crown

"KASSIA," the new opera for which M. Leo Delibe went to the East of Europe in search of Slav themes at true "local colour," is now on the way, and will probably be produced next season at the Open Comique in Paris. The subject of the libretto is taken by MM. Meilhac and Philippe Gille from the works of a popular Slav romance writer.

M. GOUNOD recently gave some monster concerts a San Sebastian, the Brighton of Spain. Four thousand musicians and from four hundred to five hundred bands took part in the concerts, including some of the most famous of the orchestras of Spain and France. festival was in reality a competition, or cancours, between the bands, orchestras, and choruses of Spain and France. The concerts took place in the bull-ring, which holds twelve thousand persons.

THE Vienna critics think that Austrian com operetta cannot do better than take Sir Arthur Sullivan's operetta cannot do better than take Sir Arthur Sullivans music as a model, as they consider it infinitely superior to most music of the kind lately produced in their country. The two stars of the company, Miss Merivale and McCurtice Pounds, are styled by Edward Hanslick, the present musical critic, "a captivating pair." The ensemble has given every satisfaction. The costumes and mise en nim. which are similar to those at the Savoy Theatre, are greatly admired, and on the whole "The Mikado" in Vienna is a well-deserved success. The Duke of Cambridge witnessed the performance on the 7th ult-

MM. DUPONT AND LAPISSIDA, the directors of the important Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels, have sketched out an interesting prospectus for the forth-coming season. "Fidelio" (in the original, not the French version), "Sigurd" (M. Ernest Reyer), and "La Gioconda" (Ponchielli) are to be revived. The novel-ties will be Wagner's "Walkure," and "Hulda," a new work by M. César Franck, composed on a Scandinavian legend. M. Franck, who is organist of Sainte-Clotilde in Paris and professor of the organ in the Conservator was born at Liege in 1822. His compositions are numerous and miscellaneous, but none of them has taken high rank. His claim to a hearing at the Monna Theatre rests mainly upon his Belgian nativity.

THE statue which was lately erected in Naples as memorial to Bellini stands opposite the Conservatoire, in the Via Constantinopoli. It is of white Carrars in the Via Constantinopoli. It is of white Carran marble, and represents the composer looking heavenward for inspiration. There are niches on each of the four faces of the pedestal containing female figures illustrative of his principal works. In one is a small statue representing Norma with the sickle in her hand; in another is Juliet, from the opera of "I Montecchie Capuletti," in an attitude of expectancy of Romeo. In a third niche stands Elvira, from "I Puritani;" and next is Amina, from "La Sonnambula," bearing the lamp is her hand as she wanders. The sculptor is Alfanse Balsico, who has worked chiefly in the North of Italy.

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Accidentals.

Listz's last unfinished composition was a few bars of the pianoforte transcription which he had promised to make of melodies from Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's opera, "The Troubadour."

Mr. Pitman, of Paternoster-row, announces the publication of a new penny monthly musical periodical on the 1st October, entitled *The Violin Soloist*, which will contain popular dance, operatic, and other airs, original and selected.

THE Cymmrodorion Society of Wales have decided to hold the National Eisteddfod of 1887 in the Royal Albert Hall. The first prize, of £200, will be for the best performance by choirs of Bach's "I Wrestle and Pray" and Beethoven's "I Come with Torches," and the musical prizes in all will amount to £800.

MR. MANNS has prepared, says the Figure, a little present for the musical critics. It is a complete record of all the principal works performed during thirty years at the Saturday Concerts, with names and dates. The pamphlet will be calculated to somewhat astonish some of our Viennese and other foreign friends.

They pay tenors high in these days. Herr Albert Niemann, the great German tenor, has just entered into an engagement to go to New York for three months, at a salary of £3500., exclusive of travelling and living expenses. It is not expected that Herr Niemann will be asked to perform more than three times a week.

By his will, dated 1861, the Abbé Liszt has left his entire fortune to his daughter, Wagner's widow, and his grandson, the child of M. Ollivier, the French statesman. All his personal effects, including his letters and furniture, Mozart's harpsichord, and Beethoven's piano, are left to his residuary legatee, the Princess Sayn Wittgenstein.

AMONG the humours of the Gloucester Festival may be mentioned the scene at the rehearsal of Dr. Hubert Parry's clever suite. Mr. Parry had no bâton, so he began to conduct with his umbrella, Mr. Lee Williams thought this undignified, so he handed him a walking sick, with which the rehearsal was directed until a bâton was found.

A RICH omelet was recently served to a favourite American prima donna in Vienna. The singer was being entertained at breakfast by a large party of Austrian ladies, and was asked to carve the dish in front of her. When she complied she found a pile of gold pieces inside, the omelet containing over £400, the proceeds of a concert for her benefit.

A CURIOUS floral concert was lately given in New Hampshire, U.S.A. The platform was fitted up as a garden, with a huge screen at the back painted with large flowers, having open centres. The singers put their heads through the various blossoms in turn, and sang lays in the praise of flowers, with singular effect. The singing flowers were the rose, dahlia, sunflower, daffodil, pansy, lily, tulip, daisy, and buttercup, and there was also a man in the moon.

THERE has just passed away a comic song writer who furnished much mirthful material to the humorous vocalists of a preceding generation. The name of James Hardwick will often be met with in the song-books published from twenty to forty years ago. Hardwick had been an inmate of St. James's Workhouse for many years. He enjoyed good health, and occasionally contributed verses on parochial matters to the local press. Hedied at the age of seventy-one, and now lies buried in a pauper's grave.

THE arrangements for the Leeds Musical Festival are complete. The hon, secretary has received applications for tickets from all parts of the world. The band and chorus, which were originally set down as 425, have been augmented to 440, and at the rehearsals in the presence of the conductor, Sir Arthur Sullivan, their performances promise well. This is the largest number of performers that has appeared at any of the festivals, and the seating accommodation is being increased by 600.

To secure the artistic success of the festival no pains are being spared. The famous Yorkshire chorus, which seems, if possible, to be grander in tone and finish than ever, has been rehearsing assiduously throughout the summer, and there will have been about fifty-six rehearshis before the festival commences. The band for the most part will commit of the London Philharmonic Society's orchestra, and as Sir Arthur Sullivan is the conductor of that body, as well as of the festival, there is an obvious and special advantage gained. The principals are numerous, and the best obtainable.

POPULAR interest in this festival, which takes place this month, is very widespread, and in musical circles expectation is no less marked as to the new works by Sullivan, Mackenzie, Dvorák, Stanford, &c., the performances of which will be conducted by their respective composers. The exceptional care to be bestowed on Bach's great Mars in B minor, causes this to be one of the most attractive of the series of performances, while for "Israel in Egypt" on the opening morning and Sullivan's "Golden Legend" on the concluding morning, every seat in the gallery has now been sold.

An eminent musician was the other day conducting a concert, when suddenly a noise struck on his ears not unlike the "whirr" of a covey of partridges. On looking round he perceived in one of the front seats immediately behind him a lady who was cooling herself with a fan of prodigious dimensions. He stared significantly at the offender without, however, producing the desired impression. At last he laid his batton on the desk, and exclaimed indignantly in the hearing of the audience: "Madam, if you must fan yourself, be good enough to beat in time!"

MR. SIDNEY SHAW'S new oratorio "Gethsemane" will be performed in St. James's Hall, London, on Friday, November 26. Mr. Shaw is a pupil of Dr. Reinecke of the Leipzig Conservatoire, under whose direction the oratorio was to have been performed in Leipzig, but owing to Mr. Shaw being unable to return to Germany this was prevented. It being the composer's first important public effort in London, it is hoped that he will be adequately supported. Mr. Julian Adams, local examiner of the Royal College of Music, has spared neither time nor trouble to further the interests of this work.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN and Mr. Robert Browning have again been giving to the world their ideas respecting the influence of music upon the social life. Speaking at a concert at Glyndyfrdy, Sir Theodore Martin said that the attractions of sweet harmony had brought them together. He thought that the more they had of such meetings as those the more they kept alive and developed among the people of our valleys the love for music and the desire to attain accomplishment in it the better it would be for their happiness and comfort. The true lover of music not only had within himself a never-failing resource, but it had a subtle influence in bringing his mind into harmony with itself. Happy indeed is the soul that, bird-like, breaks involuntarily into song. That told a tale of inward peace and hopefulness, and an enviable forgetfulness of the pains and trials of a world where so often "men sit and hear each other groan." "Respect all such as sing when all alone" were the words of a great poet who was sitting among them that day.

At the close of the concert loud calls were made by the audience for a speech from Mr. Browning, who, after prolonged cheering, rose and expressed his deep appreciation of so cordial a reception. He was very happy to come into their midst, and he had been delighted with the varied musical performances he had listened to. It was a great surprise and pleasure to him to find that musical culture had advanced to such a stage in remote parts of the country, away from their great towns and cities. He was also much pleased to find that in rural districts the violin and stringed instruments were played with such great credit.

MMZ. PATTI has now settled with Mr. Abbey the details of her American tour. There was some little danger that the farewell tour would be postponed, as Madame Patti was exceedingly frightened about the earthquakes. But the manager has somehow guaranteed that there will not be any more earthquakes; and the prima donna will between November 7 and Decamber 10, sing twice each at New York, Roston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Concert recitals in stage costume, but without scenery or dramatic

action, will form the programmes, the operas selected being one act each of "Semiramide," "Martha," and "Faust," with Mme. Scalchi as contralto and Signor Arditi as conductor.

Lizzr continues to be the text to musical essayists. Amongst the many recent articles on the Hungarian master is one in the Memotral by M. Boutarel, who claims that the Abbé has exercised on the orchestral art an influence which neither Berlioz nor Schumann was able to attain. While Raff in Germany, Svendsen in the North, Borodine and Napravnik in Russia, and Saint-Saëns in France have all railled to the ideal element in music, Liszt is the only one who has deliberately and avowedly endeavoured to enlarge the imaginative domain of symphonic music, and impressed his own system upon a considerable school of followers. M. Boutarel appears to think that the characteristic of Liszt's process is the substitution of infinitely varied poetical expression for a more or less conventional thematic development.

A CHARMING concert was recently given under the presidency of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge at Kissingen. A large company was present, including the Earl of Dunraven, Viscount Barrington, Prince Malcolm Khan, Sir Arthur Hodgson, Admiral Gough, C.B., &c. The Duke's Aide-de-Camp, Colonel Stephens, organised the concert, and himself played several violin pieces, which were well rendered and enthusiastically received. Colonel Fuz-George sang capitally, to the great delight of the audience; so did Miss Amy Ward and Miss Griswold. Viscount Barrington, on the invitation of the Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Porter, proposed the customary vote of thanks, which was seconded by the Rev J. Middleton, and heartily carried. The concert realized £25, which is to be devoted to the Organ Fund of the English Church.

In M. Ernest Legouve's most interesting "Soixante ans de Souvenirs," now appearing in Le Ménestrel, there is a reference to his meeting with Chopin, that our readers will thank us for reproducing: Berlioz had invited the critic to meet Chopin. "I find myself face to face with a young man, pale, sad-looking, elegant, with a slight foreign accent, brown eyes of incomparably limpid softness, chestnut-coloured locks almost as long as those of Berlioz himself, and falling in a sort of heap over his forehead. . . . His genius scarcely seemed to awake till one o'clock in the morning. Up to that time he was only a charming pianist. But in the dead of night he joined the circle of ethereal beings of winged spirits of all that glide and glitter in the half-twilight depths of a midsummer night. He required an audience very restrained and well chosen. The least movement at all disagreeable sufficed to disconcert him. I remember him one evening after I had noticed that his playing seemed to be a little fidgety, saying to me in low voice while he glanced at a lady seated in front of him—'It's that lady's feather! Unless that feather goes away, I really shall not be able to continue.'"

A RAGE for comic operas seems to be setting in, and a promising sign to be noticed in connection with it is the fact that several of the works announced are of native production, both as to words and music. Thus we have "Glamour," with music by Mr. W. M. Hutchinson; "Dorothy," by Mr. Alired Collier; "Peppina," by Mr. Odoardo Barri; and "Rhoda," by Signor Antonio Mora, an Italian who has long made this country his home. Besides these there is "Vetah," with music by M. Jacobi; "La Bearnaise," to be produced at the Comedy Theatre in London before long; and "Indiana," by M. Audran, announced for a first hearing at the Avenue Theatre; besides Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new work to be shortly put in rehearsal at the Savoy Theatre. No doubt, muth of this music will be found to be rubbishy and ephemeral, and we shall not long be troubled with it; but still even if there is only a small residuum of genuinely good work, this will auger well for the prospects of our English school of music in the fature. But comic opera, melodious and graceful like "Maritána" and "The Bohemian Girl," is what we want not—opera bouffe, after the model of those French works, which however pretty their music may be, always seem to "leave a bad taste in the mouth."

WE understand that the chorus have already their parts to study for Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, and that according to present arrangements the work will be produced at the Savoy about the first week of November. We believe the plot is based upon Mr. Gilbert's old piece, "Ages Ago," written many years since for the German Reeds.

AMONG other interesting specialties of the forthcoming series of Crystal Palace concerts will be a memorial concert in tribute to Franz Liszt on October 23, and celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Carl Maria von Weber on December 18. Many other interesting features and the engagement of eminent vocal and instrumental soloists combine to hold out a prospect of a season worthy of comparison with the antecedents of the world-famed Crystal Palace concerts.

THE 163rd Festival of the Three Choirs is over, the feast is ended, and the reckoning has been looked into. The widow and orphan charity has benefited to a large extent than in 1883, the last Gloucester festival. The daily receipts for the charity have been in the two years as

			1886.				1883.			
Tuesday				£195	13	3.		£140	13	5
Wednesday				77	13	3		67	14	2
Thursday				112	13	5		114	16	8
Friday				146	12	4		159	13	5
						-			-	_
Totale				form		-		1.00	**	

This shows a balance of about £49 over the receipts at the last festival. But this is not the only pecuniary benefit derived from these meetings. It is also customary for the stewards of each festival latterly to hand over to the charity £5 each; there are 195 of these gentlemen. The totals received for the charity at the last three festivals at Gloucester were - in 1880, £1656; in 1883, £1515; in 1886, £1507. Next year the festival will be held at Worcester. The attendance exceeded that of the last Gloucester festival in 1883 by over 3000, being 11507 against 8325, and 2400 more than in 1880. A rough estimate of the receipts and expenditure showed a deficit of about £474, being £720 more than the deficit of 1883. The receipts for tickets were about £3785, and the expenditure was about £4255, or £530 more than in 1883. The musical expenses amounted to about £3420, being an increase on 1883 of about £430, reented nearly by the addition to the fee of Mme. Albani. Mme. Albani sent £20 to the charity.



Dianoforte-Gymnastics.

By BERNARD ALTHAUS, Professor of Music, R.A.M. Leipsic and Berlin.

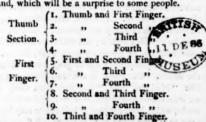
CHAPTER III.

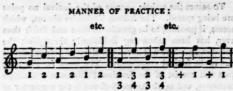
I. STRETCHING.

To widen the intervals between each pair of fingers, the practice with corks, as described in last chapter, will be very useful. But it is also advisable to stretch each neighbouring pair between two notes of the piano, first trying small intervals—for instance, fourths, from F to C, then larger ones, fifths or sixths, from C to G or C to A, &c. It is good to place two fingers between two black keys instance, fingers 3 and 2 on the notes D and A, but placed on the outer side of the black notes, D flat on the left and A flat on the right respectively, and hold them there as long as possible. Shake the fingers afterwards

Practice also fourths, fifths, sixths and even sevenths up and down the keyboard of the piano with each different There are ten different pairs of fingers to pair of fingers. each hand, which will be a surprise to so me people.

The last four pairs must be practised the most.





Up the piano keyboard and back again, through two or

Take large intervals with the thumb section (sevenths, ctaves, and ninths). With the other sections fourths,

fifths, sixths, according to size of fingers.

II. To STRENGTHEN the THIRD and FOURTH fingers, and to render them independent and flexible:

Exercise.

Place either the second or third finger above the keyboard, on a convenient part of the desk, and play with the four remaining fingers an exercise on four black notes, or on four black and white notes (twelve times).



Each hand must practice these exercises separately; first the left, then the right hand, so that one hand rests while the other is playing. Practice these exercises on white keys and black and white keys mixed.

The third finger is the most feeble and least flexible of . This feebleness proceeds from the lateral tendons which join this finger to the others, and so more or less paralyze its movements.

In modern times some planists have had a surgical operation performed, which consists in dividing the tendons



of the third finger from the tendons of the second and fourth fingers. It is not painful, but little blood is lost, and the third finger becomes as free as the others and can work the keys with equal force (?) and flexibility-so some surgeons assert! But I, with others, rather urge well regulated practice with due intervals for rest to overco the difficulty. It will be much the safer plan; more natural, more artistic.

The fourth finger is very weak when stretched out in front, but strong when drawn back towards the palm (curved), so that in appearance it resembles a little hammer. Its touch can be exceedingly strong, when it is laid on its side. (Side-touch). But this touch must only exceptionally be used for very strong single notes, marked FF. or Sfz. The fourth finger, on account of its smallness and thinness towards the point, is liable to slip and play a false note. It ought, therefore, to be carefully watched in playing, especially as it generally has to play notes of importance for instance, the highest notes of musical phrases or passages. It is not only practically good and convenient, but also artistic and effective to make a slight pause on the highest note of passages, in cadences occurring either during the prelude, or in the middle or at the e piece. Should the highest note be a black note, it is recommended to lay the fourth finger either across the key, or cover the key with it. Most mistakes occur on the highest notes of musical phrases or passages, which of course require some accent or emphasis; that is sometimes very difficult to give with a small and thin finger. When the music of the right hand, for instance, is laid out in chords (as in Mendelssohn's and Beethoven's music) of three, four or five notes, the fourth finger must generally play all or nearly all the chief notes of the melodious phrase and, as these notes must of course be played fuller than those underneath, the fourth finger, although the weakest of all, has the hardest task to do. Excellent studies have been provided by Plaidy, Couppey and Aloys Schmidt to overcome this difficulty with the fourth and third fingers, in their five finger exercises. For instance : four fingers are firmly pressed on four notes like C D E F, while the remaining finger plays G. Every single finger comes in its turn to play a note eight times, or oftener.

(To be continued.)

prize Competition &

In order to stimulate the literary, mu ctivities of our readers, we propose to officenth a series of prizes for the best example to offer fro form of Compos

Musical Plebiscite.

The attention of our readers is directed to the Musical lebiscite, announced in another part of the MAGAZINE, We hope the project will be taken up heartily. Every purchase of the August, September, and October numbers of the Music will be entitled to take part in this commendation. petition, for which the prize is a seventy guinea Schiede & Sohne gold medal piano. The instrument is in hand nent is in hands We give herewith reduced photograph ing interior. Competitors are not forbidden to take the opinion of their friends.



Dymn Tune Competition.

A WATERBURY WATCH will be given to every one of our readers who sends the names of three best tunes in Hymns Ancient and Modern. The votes will be dealt with as in a plebiscite, in the same manner as it the Piano Competition" announced in this number. A separate Piano Competition announced in this number. A separate petition will be held each month for September, Oc and November. Voting papers for September competition will be received up to October 5, and for October and November competitions by the last day of these respective nths. Readers may take part in each one of the petitions, but no one will receive a second prize.

Verse Competition.

A fair proportion of the verses sent in in respon invitation are accurately written, and the first place has been given to Mr. lames Bertram Oldham, Wheatfield House, given to Mr. James Bertram Oldham, Wheath Heaton Norris, Stockport, for his song "Estella. the verses sent in show considerable originality, but are not good poetry and show crudities in writing. ould study the form and model of our great writers.

Voluntary for Barmonium.

We do not find a very brilliant display of talent in the impositions sent in for this competition. The best voluntary is that submitted by Allen Allen, which we print in this month's Music Supplement. It shows some amount knowledge of composition; freshness, however, is the qualimost remarkable by its absence, and it does not reach it standard that should be attained by a prize harmonium

Questions and Andwerd.

TROUBLED.-Your remedy would un B, but you could also obtain an injunction against the publisher. You could not do better than place the affair in the hands of a respectable solicitor.

FAIR SQUARE.—First number of Vol. II. may be ob-

ined through your bookseller. See answer to Ada Banbury

MACNAB AND A. F .- The prize is offered to the one giving the names of the twelve greatest living pianis

W. B.—Get Bannister on Music.

CARLOTTA.—An organist should certainly notice both ords and music when playing.

FRANCES:—Each of the voting papers will be treated.

separately. Thanks for your appreciation,
COMMENDATIONS.—How many of your friends are of the
same way of thinking as yourself?

N.B.—Owing to pressure on our Columns, and to several Questions are left over to next month.

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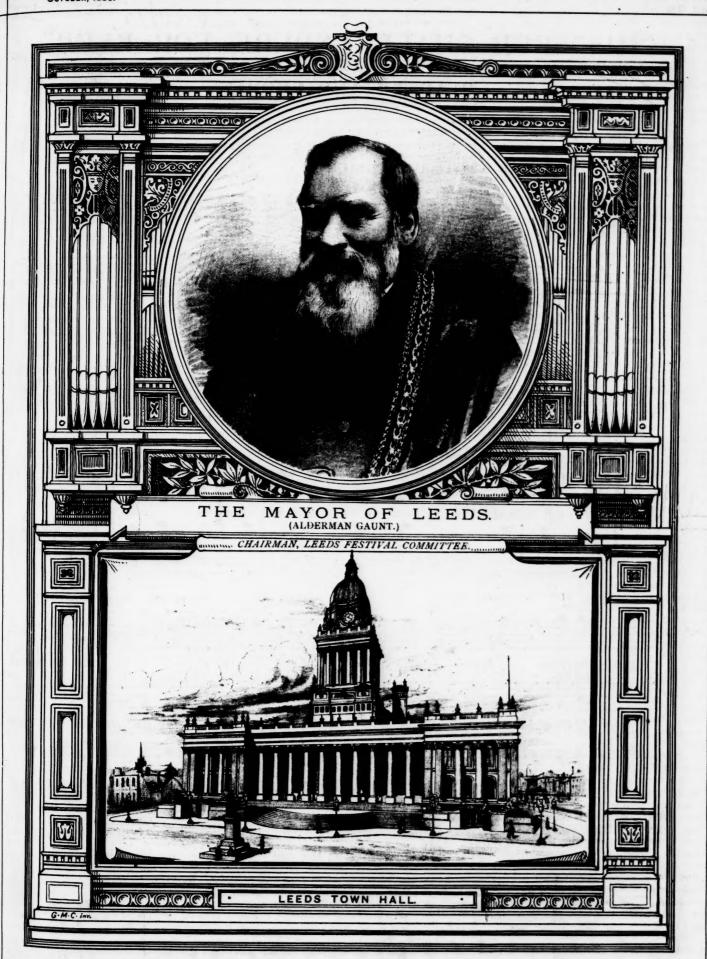
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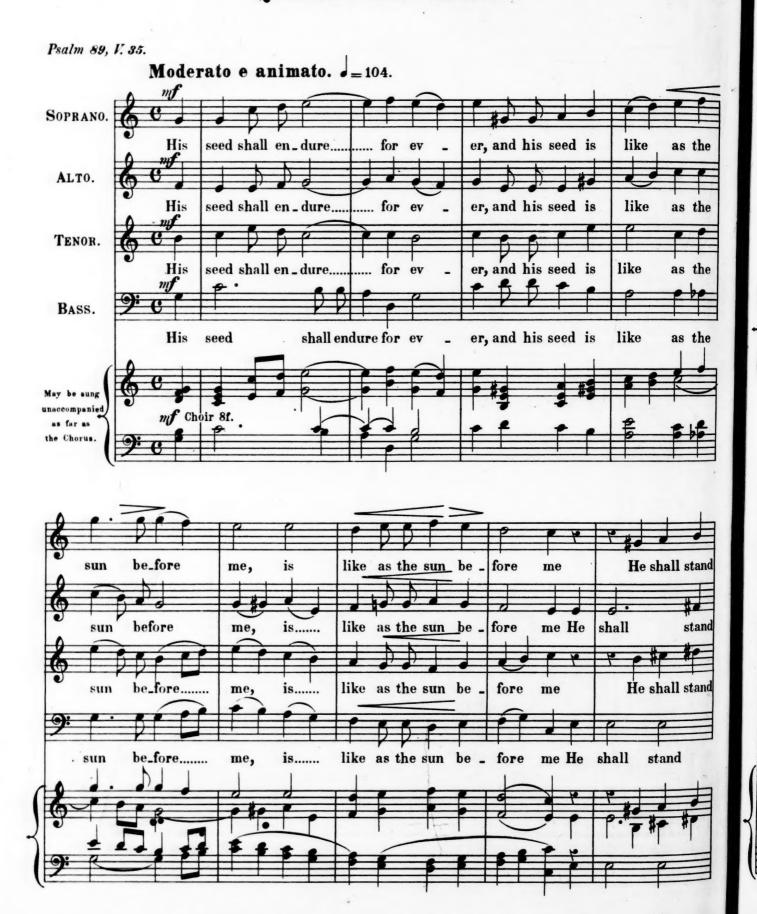
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"HIS SEED SHALL ENDURE FOR EVER." QUARTET AND CHORUS.





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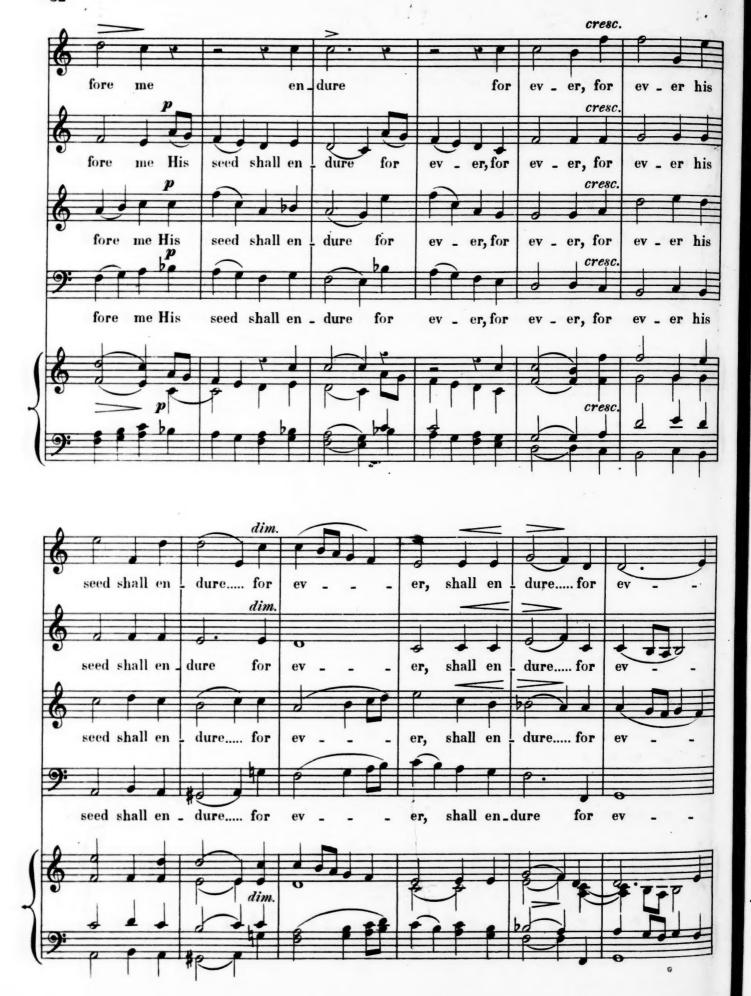
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BOURRÈE.

Composed by A. A. WHITEHORNE.

Winner of Silver Medal for Composition given by Auckland Society of Arts, New Zealand.







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PLA

A LITTLE THOUGHT.



VOLUNTARY FOR HARMONIUM.

Prize Competition.





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